

CANADA'S WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

# Maclean's

MAY 19, 1980

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## Editorial

# Whether it be 'yes' or 'no', Canada will have to change

By Peter C. Newman

In the parade of repartee, error de course and maddening that has marked Quebec's referendum campaign, only one stone-truth has emerged that no matter what its results, Canada cannot stay the same. Continuing to debate the shadings of interpretation in the 147 clauses of the British North America Act in smoke-filled hotel rooms will no longer satisfy even the most ardent of Quebec's federalists.

The correct constitutional arrangement is only one of five that have governed French-English relations in this country, the others being those of 1763, 1774, 1791 and 1840. There is no reason we can't agree to a new administrative format that would allow Quebec to create and control the kind of economic and social institutions that would truly reflect French Canada's soul. That's what Daniel Johnson, the province's shrewdest post-war premier, meant when he mused "Where the French-Canadian nation finds its freedom, there too will be its homeland."

Bored Liberals have taken that approach to its illogical extreme by giving its followers political fortunes to a hybrid and unworkable concept which has no modern precedent except for the madcap constitution of the Austro-Hungarian Empire. (The PQ's sovereignty-association option echoes the apple-headed battle cry of

the top-hatted 19th-century politicians who recognized no contradiction in describing Canada as "a self-governing colony.")

The case for keeping Canada together has probably best been put by Bill Davis of Ontario. "There are some who believe that we're little more than a race of cost accountants and lawyers with no passionate commitment to anything other than the balance sheet and good business," he told a Toronto audience recently. "Those who believe that delude the masses. Our strong faith in Canada should not be interpreted as smug satisfaction with the existing state of affairs. We're deeply committed to the traditions of this country, to its history, to the promise it provides our young people, for the kind of lifestyle its freedom and institutions guarantee. We are not prepared to see these basic tenets of our nationhood ripped apart or negotiated away. It's just that simple."

What's essential about the outcome of the May 20 vote is that neither side misinterpret the results. A decisive "yes" victory would increasingly begin the process of Canada's dissolution. Should Claude Ryan's "no" option receive a majority mandate, the real battle for a Canadian future would begin. Either way, if our politicians don't succeed in implementing a new constitution by the end of this decade, they will have no country left to govern.



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MAY 19, 1980

## End of message

By David Thomas

A irritating quack blarneyed the rural peasants as the "yes" campaign's wayward bus crept its way half-blind in the dark, separated from René Lévesque's *légionnaires* and lost somewhere between St-Antoine de Valley and St-Agathe. "I can't figure out this damn countryside," mumbled the driver Tuesday night while, behind him, the chatter became a commotion, the rattle of beer cans escalated to a delirium and the blond man thickened with cannibalism as the fifty boys and girls on the bus decided the ethics of Hunter S. Thompson over those of Walter Lippmann. Finally, one hour after setting out on this 38-minute trip, the coach pulled up to the school-bully rally and an embarrassed bus manager jumped off to quickly nip away the cause of the poor boy's blindness: a big blue 007 banner blanking out two of his four headlights.

The edifying of error symbolized the whole "yes" campaign, whose objective, and the route to it, are obscured by too much makeup and a marmalading of the land. Though it was still too soon to safely predict the outcome of the May 28-29 last week's Radio-Canada poll showed Lévesque's dove for Quebec independence to be losing its way after a swift start. The Parti Québécois' media-oriented message appeared unquestionably more attractive than Claude Ryan's federal-dominated "no" rallies, but the government's message wasn't getting through. Mostly because there wasn't much of a message.

Government strategy of appealing for more direct federalism—rather than trying to increase support for outright independence—meant cloaking itself in ambiguity, eschewing independent ideology of its vital organs and encouraging belief that a vote in favor of a mandate to negotiate sovereignty-association would increase Quebec's power in a renegotiation of the terms of Confederation. The government's strategy was almost a masterpiece, that its interpretation of a positive referendum result would take no account of why Quebecers voted "yes." The mandate of Lévesque's *Référendum national* party is to include the unremarked caveat: "We should not confuse the meaning of the question and the motives which determine the answer of the voters, each one enjoying the freedom to choose his own reasons for his answer."

Unfortunately for Lévesque's 38-year-old dream of leading Quebecers to sovereignty, there just aren't that many reasons anyone for leaving Canada. The present, certainly, is nothing as quiet precious low in his campaign. Polling reveals that not even half of those prepared to give the government its mandate say they will do so because they desire independence or sovereignty-association. The next was merely to strengthen Quebec's hand in negotia-

tion of renewed federalism. Blithely, Lévesque encourages that misconception of the question, never stopping to explain that its wording would not permit the government to accept from Canada anything less than national independence, sponsored by economic and monetary union. The mandate sought by the government would simply authorize the power to seek reform of the federation, only Quebec's withdrawal from it.

To evade setting out the details of sovereignty-association, Lévesque is reduced to denouncing them as "planning," and appeals instead to Quebecers' pride as a distinct people. But that, too, has caught him in the double bind of at once praising their accomplishments and denigrating their crippling by Confederation. The first argument has an annoying tendency to reduce the second. Still, the Parti Québécois' good-government strategy has worked too well. The theory, back in 1976, was that a term of good government would win voters enough residence to endorse the party's neoconservative ambition in a referendum. Repeated voting intention do indicate the PQ has a good chance of retaining power at the next election. The combination of personality and the under influence of corporate and union money in elections has established the PQ's administration integrity. Creation of public schools,

reasonable insurance, protection of agricultural land and institutions of an all-servicing law establishing French as Quebec's only official language earned the appreciation of voters, whose current 60-per-cent satisfaction level is higher than anything previously enjoyed by this government or its Liberal predecessor elected in 1975. But, unwittingly, the government also proved with that record that it can make the province march to the beat of a radically different drummer without leaving the Canadian federation. Settling the language score, particularly, deprived the government of a critical rallying point for all francophone Quebecers. Lévesque was the one name that crossed the lines of party, age, sex and generation. To raise it now, to say that sovereignty alone can save the language, would be intelligent demagoguery, but it would be to admit that the grand *Charité de la justice* / *justice* is just a postponed piece of parchment. The PQ's squandering of the language issue in 1977 to give instant gratification to Cultural Development Minister Charité Lavigne not only cost the government its best potential referendum argument, it alienated the minority groups whose sympathy was needed to reduce what Lévesque calls his 38-per-cent handicap. It would have been far more effective, politically, to argue that language legislation would be unnecessary in an independent Quebec.

Lévesque and his strategists are lost in their own boomerang image. David Thomas is a Montreal Quebecer living in Ohio.



Lévesque is marmalading of the land

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## A case for a 'yes' vote

By Pierre Bourgault

Of course the question, and consequently the answer, doesn't go as far as I would have wanted it to go. But there's nothing I can do about it. Of course I answered "yes" to the independence of Quebec years ago. And of course I cannot but answer "yes" to a question asking me for a mandate to negotiate a new union with Canada based on the definition of sovereignty association. A lot of people in Quebec, possibly a majority, will answer "yes" too. I suppose they will have many reasons for doing so. But here are some of my reasons.

I consider there to be two nations in Canada and that each one of them should have as much economic, political and cultural independence as possible. English Canada is already independent. French Canada is not. French Canada cannot become independent because the territory is already occupied by another majority. But Quebec can become independent, and since a vast majority of French Canadians live in Quebec the province must assume this responsibility for the whole community.

French Canadians form a minority in Canada but they form a majority in Quebec. I don't live to be part of a majority. I think it's an uncomfortable situation to be in. Millions of all kinds never have more rights than those granted by the majority. And this is the way it has always been and still is for the French majority in Canada. Don't believe your politicians: they're lying and we can prove it. And don't tell me that Canada is nothing but minorities. This is a nice myth but it isn't true. We are of many origins



*I want to be master in my own house*

but, in the end, we assimilate either to the English majority or to the French minority. There's an end to it.

We in Quebec live in a ghetto, and we don't like it. Quebec is the only province in Canada where we can truly live in French, and it took as more than 200 years to win that right. In the rest of Canada—a few small French pockets excepted—it is impossible to live a decent life in French. Who lives in a ghetto like this for as long as we do? As Quebecers we have the right to communicate directly and as equals with the nine other provinces of Canada. Period. Other independent nations, as small as they can be, can communicate with the rest of the world. I believe we should have the same right. We cannot have it without becoming an independent reality.

I trust Quebecers, as a collectivity, to have full powers, just like any other independent people in the world. I believe these powers are particularly necessary to us in our situation. We are completely isolated in English North America, and we must assume our responsibilities without being able to count on somebody else to find us economic and cultural help. The English minority in Quebec can count on 250 million English-speaking North Americans to find it where it's needed. We want economic power and economic responsibility. We want all the power. We know

very well that independence wouldn't solve all problems. But we do want to try solving all we can by ourselves. I believe we can do it. I don't want to know if I'll have more or less money in my pocket after the proclamation of independence. I don't want more money. What I want is to be able to spend it according to our interests, our priorities and our aspirations.

I don't believe in the French power in Ottawa. This is another myth. When a French Canadian is elected prime minister of Canada he's not elected to serve the interests of Quebec. He's elected to serve the interests of Canada. Those interests may overlap sometimes, but we have often seen in the past that they don't always do so. And then where's the French power? It is dissolved, serving the interests of the majority of Canadians. We're not part of that majority. The expression "French power" was invented to assure those English Canadians who tremble at the sight of a French word on a box of cigarettes, and to bring into submission those French Canadians who are naive enough to believe that a cigarette French power in Ottawa is equal to a full French power in Quebec. Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau is not less courageous or intelligent than Premier René Lévesque. Mr. Lévesque wouldn't do better than he in Ottawa. But both would do much better as prime minister of an independent Quebec because both would have the powers to serve the Quebec community first.

I will vote "yes" because I believe that English Canadians, for whatever reason they may have, don't want to be Americans. I believe in the independence of Quebec for the same reasons they believe in the independence of Canada.

I will vote "yes" because more than three billion people in the world have sought and obtained and cherished their national independence. I would be very much surprised if they were all wrong in wanting to assure their own destiny.

I will vote "yes" because English Canada says "no" to accepting sovereignty association. If another collectivity can say "yes" to my collectivity when I decide to say "yes", then I feel diminished and isolated.

I will vote "yes" because Quebec is the only place in the world I can call home. I want to put a house around my home. And I want to be master in my house.

I'm convinced that Mr. Trudeau recognized the independence of Quebec last month. In the 12 years he has been in power, Mr. Trudeau has recognized numerous new independent countries. Don't you find it strange that he should agree with the independence of all nations except his own? Of course Mr. Trudeau doesn't believe there is a French Canadian nation. But what if a "yes" vote meant exactly that: the birth of a nation?

Reaguard, columnist and communications professor Pierre Bourgault has been a leading exponent of separation since the movement's inception.

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### This Canada

## 'Yes' and 'no' on the home front

By Robert Lewis

**T**he perspiration rolled in rivulets down the woman's slender back as she stepped away from the snuffing house into the brisk April blackness of the street. "I don't even remember what I said in there," exclaimed Shirley Maynes, 68. For more than 30 minutes she, a housewife for the "no" side in the Quebec referendum, had held her own with a young, misanthropic schoolteacher supporting the "oui" side. She had not convinced him, but the do-or-die encounter left her both exhilarated and unnerfed. For Maynes the satisfaction and the anxiety flowed from the fact that her great debate took place entirely in French, her second language.

Waterloo (4,000 inhabitants), the town of my youth, lies close in the Vermont border, 60 miles southeast of Montreal. It is a tiny village away from the solace of Westminster, where dozens play tennis and golf on weekends at nearby Knowlton when they aren't golfing at Royal Montreal. The sturdy townsmen don't sip Irish coffee by candlelight; they tend to have "tupper" at 5 p.m. and to be in their jammies by 10 to prepare for a dawn start in factories and on the land. What also is different about the townships is that English and French have lived, worked and played together there, more or less harmoniously, for more than 100 years. René Lévesque's "oui" forces are likely to find township ballot boxes less fertile than they might wish in some "no" referendum, for the residents adhere to the tradition of the Quebec Townships man, whose historian Dale Thomson describes in his biography of Compton-born Prince Minister Louis St. Laurent, "One who reported back citizens, took pride in the heritage of Canada and drew on them to enrich his own life." In a province of polarity, tenacity and recrimination, the saying is almost quaint.

Until 30 years ago Waterloo was still roughly half English speaking. Typical, bilingual francophone culture is the English in their own tongue. The town was settled at the end of the 18th century by United Empire Loyalists after the American Revolution and later by Scottish and Irish immigrants. The Transcanadians moved in when the railway opened up the route to Montreal in 1861. Waterloo was incorporated as the city Confederation was formed in 1867, and today many street names are reminders of



the early Anglo pioneers. The major companies are still owned by the English, but the population mix is testimony to the revivification of the cradle English speakers have devolved to an estimated 10 per cent and, except for older folk, they work mainly in both languages.

Maynes (right) and Gailen of the "no" campaign, bilingual street signs "I am a Quebecer as much as anyone else."

Whether next week's vote goes "oui" or "non," Shirley Maynes and her ilk have no intention of leaving Quebec, as have so many of their friends and relatives. There are roots to preserve, family affairs and a certain way of life that cannot now be established elsewhere. Says farmer Al Norris, who learned his French pecking talk in the town: "Where else I go? We may have some rough edges but at least, here, we fit in."

Maynes shakes her head sadly as reports also bears of cars with Quebec license plates leaving their lives shackled in Ontario, and also that some of her Ontario friends are afraid to drive into Quebec. "It's always like this," Shirley observes with a mixture of wonder and regret, "that really throw Quebecers against the rest of Canada." Yet Maynes and other anglers are not without apprehensions themselves. Soaring interest rates and an uncertain economic outlook already have brought her real estate business to a standstill. Norris muses that if the "oui" forces win, "this may not be a fit place for the English to live anymore." On one matter, however, Maynes is adamant: "I am a Quebecer as much as anyone else. Nobody here is thinking political color or Claude Ryan. Sovereignty association is what we are fighting against."





big mandate, but admits he may then vote for Claude Ryan's Liberals. Long-remembered hart lands passion in his voice when he says, "I've been pushed around by the English"—especially by Montreal punk and equipment suppliers who took his orders over the telephone in English for years.

On the other side of the great divide, a historic sense of grievance animates the "non" voters. Yvette Dion, a descendant of proud Beauce farmers, says

The intensified heat in the kitchen of Waterloo has also reawakened concentrated anger to their own route. At the same time, the French have been English in the surrounding countries but signed up to members of Townspeople. In a kind of survival lobby for last year in the wake of a meeting with Queen Elizabeth II, the French have been Apart from preserving their language, traditions and jobs, the Townspeople are not to promote expanded teaching of French to English children. The organization is a private organization, not the federal government, and gets moral support from Miss Talbot, commissioner of official languages. But it simultaneously resists jelling up with the federal government. "If we don't do something like that," explains President Dick Stadler, "we could end up as an English version of the St. Jean Baptiste Society. We don't need that in the marketplace here. We want to get together."

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## Profile: Gerald Godin

# Quebec's front man in English Canada



By James Quig

**Y**ou wouldn't call Gerald Godin a sweet talker. Neither would he. He says that's one of the reasons of being a radical in politics. "Nobody expects me to waste time on bullsh\*t," Godin is the unassuming poet/journalist who turned Parti Québécois candidate and assistant Premier Robert Bourassa in the 1994 Quebec election, which brought the PQ to power. A grain-killing separatist, he is also the man René Lévesque chose last September to be his stand-in among English-speaking Canadians during the referendum campaign, the man selected to campaign the "Yes!" side what a wonderful idea Quebec sovereignty is. (He calls it sovereignty association but that's politics for you.)

Woe then to Winnipeg. Convince them in Calgary. Born up the engine hotline shows a Montreal. Get out there and sell, sell, sell. The mind boggles at the man, Godin, the radical from Trois-Rivières who picketed Pierre Vallières' *White Mages of America* and was jailed during the 1970 October Crisis, picketing sovereignty to a hall full of Calgary colonists. The man from west separatist cheerleader Pauline Julien, for goodness sake. But he loves the work. Best job he ever had. Almost as good as a holiday. "I'm like Gautreaux, the underwear man," he says. "I love strange environments."



Godin, on election night in 1994, sings in your bedroom at 4 a.m. since the head

"That is fortunate, since gathering billions of Canadians was part of his referendum assignment. "Our government has a policy to know more about the rest of Canada. I know more about Alberta than Premier Lougheed knows about Quebec. And I'm finding no problem. The other provinces haven't done that."

It's hardly surprising that Godin should be Quebec's front man in English Canada, considering his varied career as a musician and political activist. As a young

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or indirectly related to sales of goods to Quebec," he maintained. And in Toronto he noted for small stores of the kind he and his colleagues visit Quebec to be "Small nations are as essential to the world as rivers are to the ocean. Small nations are like the countries rivers used to bring into being," he told students at the University of Toronto. "When the countries died because of gas leaks, everybody was in safety. Small nations are the victims of civilization if we die it will be for civilization."



Godin: social paths, alcoholism and crime

But mostly his arguments are about dollars. "The problem with federalism for us is that our share of the power is decreasing. Our input in Ottawa is decreasing. It isn't logical to say let's put our money where our input is—and that means Quebec. It's the concrete man (and woman) who are making the laws in Quebec today. They are determining the course of our government. And they don't give a damn about poetry. They want to know about their persons." He talks about transference myths. How the Quebecers never had the know-how, the expertise. They were priest-ridden and had no hands for business. "It seems we didn't have any talent at all before we won power. Now everybody says we do [have talent]. Hydro-Quebec is regarded as the best anywhere. Could it be that you only get the talent after you get the power?"

It's time among the anglo has taught. Gerald Godin many things. But nothing more significant perhaps than "deep in the souls and needs of Canadians is the fact that they like Quebecers as much as we like Canadians—which is considerable. But they will still believe as you come around before we win the referendum."

"And then what?" he is asked.  
"And then they will negotiate." ☐



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## Letters

### The wings of death and taxes

As an ex-Canadian fighter pilot who had to eject on his first flight in a CF-104 Starfighter when the single engine failed, I am only too cognizant of the sense in the recent government decision to buy the two-seated F-16A (New France and a Project Canada, April 21). But may I point out that while Canadian politicians have been preoccupied with nose-poking over the decision for a decade, many fine young fighter pilots have been meeting their deaths (bring hopefully obsolete aircraft with totally undying flying characteristics). The military's lack of faith in the government will not be changed by a decision 10 years late.

NATHAN ARBUTH, REMINGTON

Your article depicting the paraphernalia of war leaves me feeling sick with fear. As a Canadian I would like to know why my government is spending so much money on arms that I, as a taxpayer, do

not wish my country to own. Is it really a luxury, as one top Canadian defence official is quoted in your article as saying, to live under the American nuclear shield? "Take it or not," he adds to a promise. Well, like it I do not. The very idea of living under all that potentially catastrophic nuclear hardware makes

my flesh want to creep off its bones in anticipation. If we live under this enormous shield to begin with, must we escalate the war-peddling fools to the south and waste public funds on our own? If it ever does come to a confrontation between the US and USSR, Canada's participation will be of very little consequence. If we blow up the northern hemisphere once we will be just as dead as if we blow it up a thousand times. Why waste our money on overkill?

D.L. CAMPBELL, NORTH VANCOUVER

### More original sins

So the CBC is going to strip Gellinden and Newscorrespondent but keep the 5th column and Max Aitken? (Goulding at The National, Canada, April 14) If the CBC had a sunny apple it would throw the apple away and keep the maggots.

GEORGE RODRIGUEZ AT BRIDGE BASIN

### God and sex and Barbara

Congratulations to Barbara Amiel for her understanding of the foundations from which true believers make their judgments about life and death. (Dis-

covering Out of the Valley of the Shadow of Sin, April 14) No matter what one's faith, one has a set of standards by which one makes decisions. In the case of Christians the measuring stick is the Bible, believed by Christians to be the total revelation of God and His principles to mankind.

BARBARA LAMOND, DON MILLS, ONT

Once again Barbara Amiel has managed to combine her rare gifts for discourse, unassailable arrogance and plain old bad taste into a piece of extraordinarily shabby journalism. This may come as a surprise to her, but the definition of sin as obscenity is not the timely invention of a United Church task force, but has long been used by Christian theologians to describe our state of separation from God and our fellow human beings. The United Church's task force of human sexuality, regardless of how one reacts to its conclusions, has attempted to address the frightening potential for human alienation that contemporary attitudes toward sex present, and which more moral positions are no longer able to prevent.

PAUL MILLER, TORONTO

I have just read Barbara Amiel's column on the United Church's task force on human sexuality. I am a minister of the United Church and secretary of our local branch of the United Church Religious Fellowship. I want to commend Ms. Amiel for the article, and for the way that it challenged all of us. The sentence that especially stands out for me is, "If churches believe that whenever a pressure group or a new school of socio-economic 'wisdom' appears as the horizon in the whole new experience of Judeo-Christianity that has to be addressed, the point is once reached when they no longer know whether murder is right or wrong." She has really touched the heart of the matter there.

LEY DONALD W. LAMOND, WILLOW, BASIN

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al) about human sexuality—the fact is that the study is replete with specific guidance. What I used in that Jesus Christ commanded his followers not to judge others. We have tried to offer help and direction to our people, help which takes the Bible more seriously than Ms. Ansell's article does, and at the same time to do it without judgment or condemnation. As to her suggestion that we think we're all right in our convictions, between any periods, or with annuals, I can only deny it absolutely and wonder out of what motivation she writes. Certainly in this study we have tried to follow to what the human sciences say about the meaning of sexuality, while being very aware that they too have biases. Her charge of our being overinfluenced by "Protestant-Marxist-Rorty-Analytic-Post-Modern-Designers" is ridiculous. In fact, we worked extremely hard to get beyond the values and ideologies of our own culture, as well as the conventions and attitudes of the writers of the Bible in order to rediscover what God has to say through the Bible in our actual situation. The church for 18 centuries has been caught in the struggle to discover how to live in grateful, radical response to God, as Jesus did. To reduce the study's moral standards to some subjective definition of honesty is completely inaccurate. Honestly, though vital to good relationships, is far from the only criterion we offer, and I am at a loss to know where she got the idea that it is. She should be more wary.

ROY ROYAL SMITH,  
ASSOCIATE SECRETARY  
THE UNITED CHURCH OF CANADA  
TORONTO

I am writing in response to Barbara Ansell's column on the United Church's talk fare, and I would like to say "Right on! Barbara, right on!"  
WALLACE WHYTE, WEST KILG, ONT.

#### Accentuating the negative

Thank you for David Weinberger's very interesting piece on negative bias (*Planning Magazine* in a *Good For You* issue, Hovick, April 14). However, the maximum cost of an interior is not "about \$200." A one-room model is currently available for \$140. As for the recent attitude of the federal and, for that matter, the provincial governments too, if the Health Protection Branch is so concerned, why is it not investigating, testing and researching the subject instead of being behind someone else to nail doing it?

L.W. PAGE, PRESIDENT  
AIR JISS INTERNATIONAL,  
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Tomorrow

## 3-D - back to the future



**O**ne of the hottest tickets in New York these days is Ann Miller, in the flesh and still looking like the Broadway burlesque musical *Super Duper*. Further downtown at the Eighth Street Playhouse is another Ann Miller in the flesh, or at least an illusion of her, in the 1953 movie *Kiss Me Kate*; and as one of Miller's much lauded legs passes in front of a viewer's eyes it nearly seems to wipe out a hole in the process. She's dancing in 3-D. Three-dimensional, anyway—shroud dark glasses and it's—making a comeback and may even become major entertainment in the near future.

The first movie shown in the 3-D Festival at the Playhouse, Hitchcock's *Dial M for Murder*, broke a 30-year-old home record early last month. Some of the 3-D films made in the U.S. between 1952 and 1958, and which are extant, are playing other North American cities as well, including Toronto. As Steve Hirsch, who owns and manages the Eighth Street Playhouse with his partner Mark Haffer, explains, "There's a whole generation who have never seen a 3-D movie."

The revived interest may well be more than a comeback due to either nostalgia or novelty. Within the film industry, always reaching for more and more sophisticated special effects, there's already talk of exploiting three-dimensional viewing. (Imagine the *Raiders* U.S.S. *Indiana* from Star Trek grating the top of your head as it zooms into another warp.) However, before 3-D is likely to show up on the big

screen, it's more likely to make it to the little one: experts agree that technology has made it possible for 3-D broadcasts to begin on cable television within a year. For the past three years Japanese children have been watching 3-D cartoons via a system similar to the original 3-D movies (two separate images projected and two different lenses worn as glasses to separate them). Within the next few months 3-D broadcasts are scheduled to begin in Australia, using a new system, Digital Optical Technology Systems, called *norm*. Other systems have been tested in Italy and Mexico.

A panel of experts met in Washington recently to hash out which stereoscopic systems should be adopted for national broadcasting, and whichever system it eventually will be proposed to the International Telecommunications Union, which is attempting to decide on a global standard for 3-D television. Meanwhile one of the largest pay-TV networks, Home Box Office, is said to be looking into holographic television. Holography—the making of a three-dimensional picture on film or glass without the use of a camera—may be the future stage of the art for movies, rather than the old 3-D process. Some movie companies lately have spent as much as \$50 million on a single movie, the high expenses of holography may not be a major problem. Subject matter will be a major consideration. Think of what 3-D could do for pornography.

Lawrence O'Toole

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## Cy Scene

# First-aid at home in the data flood

**P**eople weary of learning how the computer has revolutionized their lives may now get out to re-evaluate the computer. The ground will be started and people can join when ever they want. Anyone with \$50 a month and the inclination to experiment is as little as \$2.75 an hour (plus bookup and low cost) can contact commercial computer networks by telephone and get them to work, plugging into vast libraries of information. The \$40 will rent a home terminal (keyboard and adaptor) to use, but most users already have their own. They belong to the home computer set.

These devices (terminals) are generally seen as the extravagant fringe of high-tech households. But these habits may pay off when they are faced, for example, with the nightmare of 100-

channel television instead of shopping through menus of program schedules; they will be able to punch their interests into the computer and have it do the shopping for them, to find the appropriate programs. As the public begins to plug into large computerized information banks, the services will start to accommodate everyday needs, says Richard Hill, chairman of the public electric arts department at the Ontario College of Art. Hill has organized the current Computer Culture Exposition at Toronto's Harbourfront, designed to get people into direct contact with the machines.

A home terminal costs from \$1,000 to \$3,000, but as yet few are equipped to communicate with other computers because of different communication codes. But a recent breakthrough will

be two American computer service companies—a translation code that lets the personal computers in the secrets of the giants—is in the process of changing all that.

Technology alone will not open up large computer services for private use. Much of the information available now is compiled by news or business organizations, and may not be the most sought-after data on the private circuits. It remains to be seen how will- ingly computer services will respond to the new public appetite for varied kinds of information—an entertainment, history, the weather and other subjects. For his part, Hill believes that the smaller, more flexible service companies will adapt to the new market and will thrive with it.

Another question facing home computer buffs is—who needs more information in a world already about with statistics, reports and data of all sorts? "Whether this is a curse or a blessing depends on how we respond to it," says Hill. People will have to use the technology to sift out what they want from the information explosion, he says. "I think the future of this technology lies in the hands of people. People will be the decision factor."

Art Cuthbert

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The two occasions books that split a socialist holiday evening over Hyde Park last week might have generated a disastrous debate. But the Friday night of the Iranian embassy in London (see box, page 23) which followed the hostage-taking by opponents of Ayatollah Ruhollah Khomeini became an international triumph—the more so because of President Jimmy Carter's kooky attempt to rescue the Tehran hostages.

As Britain watched, transfixed, live TV news transmissions from outside the stately Kensington mansion, now belching smoke and flames, commanders of the crack Special Air Service stormed the mansion, building, released its hostages, threw off their British, and brought the drama to an end with surgical precision. Five of the six captives were dead, the other in police custody.

Within minutes Home Secretary William Whitelaw, the man who ordered the cleanup after the terrorists had overthrown two hostages, was reflecting a tough outlook which contrasted strongly with his usual deep image. "We in Britain will not tolerate this," he told a press

## THE BATTLES OF BRITAIN

By David Kennedy

conference. While in Parliament, an congratulation from all over the world rained on Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher told outside the the strategy of the embassy "made us proud to be British."

Coming a week after a European Community (EC) summit at which Britain's first woman prime minister had shaped up, an one-solider described it, like a "che de Gaulle" over Britain's budget payments, the latest episode confirmed that, after a full year in power, the Iron Lady and her lieutenants are a force to be reckoned with on the international stage, while at home she was again taking on the unions this week over a threatened one-day general strike.

All in all it seemed more like a 1980s replay of the Battle of Britain than spring in Park Lane, and that may have been the thought behind the description of Thatcher by the newspaper *The Observer*—as "Top Supporter" as "The most forceful and aggressive

since Churchill." But then Margaret Thatcher, at 56, is a politician in a hurry, with a radical sense of purpose. Those who get in her way, at home or abroad, receive short shrift. "She faces you with those steady blue eyes and tells you what you ought to be thinking," says one Tory MP. "The best you can do is hope to outpace her."

Her tactics at Lancaster, which at one point reduced France's aristocratic President Valéry Giscard d'Estaing to clumping the table, may not look well for European partnership. Giscard and West Germany's Helmut Schmidt were patiently bruised and buffed by this difficult woman as they retired home to explain why their support congressmen yet had been bang back in their faces. But her intransigence did "Glynis Muggie," as one French tabloid dubbed her, as hard at all at home, where the average British voter is profoundly bored by Europe and distrustful of "that crew of foreigners" beyond the Channel. It's not often that Thatcher unites both sides of the Cassocks be-



Thatcher (top) and addressing Trades Union Congress politicians in a hurry

lied her, but her rejection of the EC offer, with its strings attached on farm prices and timing, was vociferous applause from both ends of the political spectrum.

All this has followed hard on her biggest foreign-policy success so far—the invasion of minority-ruled Rhodesia, a British colony in rebellion for more than 16 years, to the independent black republic of Zimbabwe. It was Lord Carrington, the experienced, worldly-wise foreign secretary, who persuaded her against all her instincts to drop her support of the white-backed Muzorewa government in favor of full-blooded resi-



Thatcher chats with Queen Elizabeth II. Last August Thatcher and the Queen in a behind-the-scenes, relaxed scene of purpose.

jealty rule. It was Cunningsworth and Lord Soames, Winston Churchill's pearly son-in-law, who made the delicate, dangerous negotiations work. But it was Thatcher who picked up the laurels. Monaghan's *Mirror* President Sandra Machel praised her as Britain's best prime minister in 10 years.

At least, however, the glory is dimly muted. If you talked to a person smart enough to pay the steep electricity costs of Thatcher's state-of-

dustry policy, or a patient who had been rejected for treatment on a kidney machine because of hospital spending cuts, you would find a darker side.

To have benefited noticeably from the Tories' first two budgets—even from their initial round of income-tax cuts—you would need to be in a managerial earning bracket, preferably a company chairman. A freelance laborer in sales tax in their first month in office added four points overnight to the cost-of-living index, and inflation is nearly 20 per cent.

State industries such as the Electricity Board, British Rail and the Post Office, told sternly to pay their way, have requested the consumer with higher prices. Even gas users, though Britain is reaping rich harvests of natural gas from the North Sea, are told increased charges are necessary to pay for the industry's future investment.

Yet opinions both subtle and not are—still show Thatcher riding fairly high. If only because she has turned out to be a political leader who actually does what she says she will do, she has won grudging public respect. As one Labor MP said, "After years of Callaghan's and Wilson's evasions, she has shown that it is not necessary to be tricky to be prime minister."

There may also be some sort of got situation behind the reported discontent. The Iron Lady and her neomaterialist followers have support among some economic experts who feel the Tory strategy of cutting public spending, controlling the money supply and letting market forces work an wage settlement should turn the economic crisis of stagflation down their throats.

Thatcher, a tax lawyer by training



Maggie with Denis in December, almost four years ago.



The embassy in Rome after the SAS attacked last night, the surviving British soldiers, and commandos in action, quick leaders.



Jan-Erik Olsson had staff and clients here in a bank visit for six days. Robber and hostages developed a remarkable affection for one another. Subsequently the Stockholm Syndrome was noted in some hostages held by the Icelandic gangster in Iceland in 1977, and the process was rounded off by a Rand Corporation analysis concluding that hostages survived the first three days—during which the syn-



Steel union leader Joe Pratt, Joseph Dap and Gordon Thatcher with Schmitt (above left) and Dap and the most aggressive leader since Churchill.



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(and the only British MP ever to have a strike against), predicts inflation will start falling in August, and some economists think it could be earlier. North Sea oil is now expected to make Britain self-sufficient ahead of schedule, maybe even this year.

Government spending cuts nevertheless have been painful. They have also split the cabinet wide open, between hard-liners and those whom the leader scornfully terms "Wets" (translating anyone who disagrees with her for liberal reasons).

The most spectacular rift has been with her employment secretary, Jim

Thorne who got to work—then 50 per cent would be retained or reduced. A University of Oklahoma study showed that of the remaining 14 per cent only 10 per cent would be insured by their capitals while 11 per cent would be in police results ending a surge.

However, the comparative success of



So why did he fire a London? The reason is stark and simple. It is not, in fact, the Londoners who are not part of Winston's call law as even the young, Dutch-born and educated Mikaelson brothers are. Only one of the Ambassadors in the French embassy in London spoke English. So they were not playing the game against the leading set of rules. The reason for additional academic expertise in the new growth area of conflict studies is that he who turns the other cheek may get his head bowed.



Steel union leader Joe Pratt, Joseph Dap and Gordon Thatcher with Schmitt (above left) and Dap and the most aggressive leader since Churchill.



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Pratt, an affable Norfolk farmer who is the acknowledged "Wet" leader. In a supposedly off-the-record briefing, Pratt let slip his glib opinion of the chairman of British Steel, the country's state industrial boss-maker. Newspapers gleefully printed his remarks and Pratt was publicly rebuked on TV by his leader, who told an interviewer in an unflattering tone that "Jim is very, very sorry."

Inflation and cabinet splits aside, Thatcher's government has been spared the winter of industrial discontent now predicted. While the long drive to steel works left the steel towns facing a bleak future, it nevertheless saved without heavy damage to the economy, thanks to shrewd stockpiling by manufacturers.

During this and other infamously troubles Thatcher often seems to have proceeded on the principle of pretending the unseen aren't there. No longer are labor leaders summoned to crisis talks at 10 Downing Street with beer and sandwiches, as in the bloody days of Wilson and Callaghan. The legendary face of Trades Union Congress (TUC) leader Len Murray rarely appears now on television like the dog in the Shere-lock Holmes story, which did not bark in the night. Thatcher's bold industrial strategy is remarkable for what she is not doing.

Good, perhaps, by government indifference. The TUC has declared May 14 a "day of action" against the government's economic policy and spending cuts, urging members to show a one-day general strike. But as the day approached, response appeared halfhearted and, if the strike fails, Thatcher will see it as a victory for what she claims is a new awareness of

Coincidentally, her latest cabinet endorsement last week also concerned the government chairman of British Steel—this time the new chairman, who had gone expressly to New York to recruit investment banker Ian MacGregor. It fell to the entirely right-wing industry minister, Sir Keith Joseph, to deliver the news to Parliament that British taxpayers would be shelling out nearly \$5.5 billion over five years to MacGregor's New York company, Lazard Frères & Co, in compensation for his services.

The ability of Joseph—known as "The Mad Monk"—to his enemies—to make damaging boasts is unsurpassed, and on this occasion he got happily embroiled in future references to "transfer fees" for star soccer players. But Joseph is not likely to suffer Pratt's fate. Thatcher relies heavily on, and has a personal affection for, a few father-figure stars, among them Joseph and Cunningsworth. (The latter is reputed to be the only minister who dines alone with her. During an interminable luncheon by Chairman Chairman Alan Cunningsworth, October, the former secretary passed the motive Thatcher a note that read: "Prime Minister, you are talking too much." Thatcher was hard pressed to contain a gaggle. Joseph also looked for Charles to join his leadership to succeed Ted Heath in 1974, and even today stands in her favor, a gesture she has not forgotten.)

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## Turn the other cheek and die

The explosion and to the British Embassy siege in London blew up more than the heritage of No. 10 Prime's Gate. It also destroyed a fashionable and dangerous myth about terrorist behavior that sends every generation there is a danger of waiting for the chance to express his affection for the human race, or failing that, for his hostages and the security forces. It only psychologists and the police, so the theory went, would show kindness and patience, and it only the society being blacklisted would provide enough media coverage to project the capital a state from the past that would be released unscathed.

In London, police chiefs thought they had one of these disquieting gnat reciters register. Chief Superintendent Fred Lee "helped" to deliver a knife knock down while the terrorists, for their part, publicly apologized for putting the British to such trouble while they publicized their as-

tronomical state that when demands for talks conduct out of them were turned down they began to murder the hostages. "Terrorists are quick learners. They have rapidly moved into the knowledge that domestic cooperation was a soft touch for those who did not share details about the sanctity of human life in this stage. The three leaders had also sound intention Ben Hains, one of the hostages, that London had been chosen for the operation precisely because it was the home of democracy. So how did democracy come to persuade itself that there might be a compromise between the law of the jungle and the rule of law?"

One could start with the U.S. psychologist John Dollard and his followers back in 1932, when they argued that aggression was always a consequence of aggression. But no others officially considered like the Freudian suggestion theory was part of a scientific opinion. He believed that there was no unpleasantness that could not be "fixed" with a little surgery.

That original optimism was greatly reinforced in Stockholm in 1973 when robber

Jan-Erik Olsson had staff and clients here in a bank visit for six days. Robber and hostages developed a remarkable affection for one another. Subsequently the Stockholm Syndrome was noted in some hostages held by the Icelandic gangster in Iceland in 1977, and the process was rounded off by a Rand Corporation analysis concluding that hostages survived the first three days—during which the syn-

chrome could get to work—then 50 per cent would be retained or reduced. A University of Oklahoma study showed that of the remaining 14 per cent only 10 per cent would be insured by their capitals while 11 per cent would be in police results ending a surge.

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economic realities among British workers. "Attitudes are changing," she states repeatedly in interviews—and there is some evidence to support her. One union leader, for example, reluctantly conceding the point, added: "Remember, a large slice of her votes came from the shop floor."

As far as pay raises are concerned, Thatcher's policy is to let industry make the best bargain it can. But if ministers are nervous over her impetuous policy-making—a technique known as "steering" from the boardroom—no one should underestimate the single-minded determination of this woman leader. She is a graduate of an Oxford graduate school, like the Heath and Wilson, shares the winner-take-all approach of the bright scholar from the humble background.

Thatcher's political progress has been actively encouraged by her husband, Denis, a former oil company executive who married her when she was an aspiring Tory candidate named Margaret Roberts (Gausky has it that Denis has dipped heavily into his pocket over the years to finance his wife's career—see estimate given as high as \$1.3 million). Married since 1961, they have twins at 26. Carol, who works in Australia, and Mark, a fledgling racing driver, whose antics have been something of an embarrassment in the past year.

Her first cabinet appointment was as

education minister in Ted Heath's government, a job in which she raised a lot of hackles with her passion for cost-cutting; she was known as "Thatcher the milk snatcher" for stopping raw milk in schools. Her staunching of the leadership can be attributed partly to a few influential backers but also to the Tory party's instinct that here was a tramp card they could play against labor, whose two education specialists, Shirley Williams, was seen confidently expected to become Britain's first female PM.

Older Tories hated the idea of a woman leader, but Thatcher, after initially being carved up in debate by Jim Callaghan, sharpened her attack, improved her stilled TV appearances and spokeswoman voice, and shrewdly played on her cost-conscious housewife image to win an election that was largely about prices and also caught the tide of a country in the mood for radical change.

Life is not so set, that is what Britain now has. After years of consensus politics, Thatcher has sharply polarized the parties, some would say society, partly



Boardroom doing battle: powerful women.

acquired rather than created when Thatcher, who has obvious claim to fame, but is more daring and certainly more power-hungry lady was the redoubtable Oliver of Aylesbury (1122-1204), the wife of two kings, Louis of France and Henry I of England, and mother of two sons. Richard Coeur de Lion and John. Eleanor was noted for her beauty, temperance, piety, and the arts and religious mystery of wit.

She is evoked if not the wife who was having illegitimate her sons, recall against her father Henry I, and to have arranged the murder of Henry's barons, matrons. Her Rosemond, for whom the rose was named, but during Richard I's crusades she

shly to a damaging degree. She is rather pleased with her steady image as the "Iron Lady"—what she feels about her other nickname, Ailsa the Hen, is not noted—and the runs, cabinet meetings frankly, brooking little argument. "Occasionally we talk the conclusions before the opening remarks," says one minister nearby. She remains junior ministers—two of whom are known to have been reduced to tears—and Whitlatch still connects with her rustic comments on mutton, agreeing them of woolly thinking. Last week she embarked on a blitz on white and over-running in the civil service, which will be one piece of Thatcher's association popular everywhere but in Whitlatch.

In 1978 she let slip to a women's magazine that she sometimes, late at night, "shed a few tears secretly, alone." It's doubtful if she does as these days. Never has given her a new physical glow. The adventures of destiny-making career her effectively through peaking days.

Her style of leadership has been compared to a friendly priestess, Trade Secretary John Nott, to that of a first-wave matriarch leading his men over the top. Her leadership of any style has been in short supply in Britain. Soon after she became party leader she was asked what she had changed. "I have changed everything," she replied. ☐

not the kingdom ruled and at the age of 96 was commanding the armies that preserved John's French possessions for him at his coronation.

Excesses of a different kind—in media, his appetite for subterfuge and lies—brought the downfall of Mollie the first woman after the Norman Conquest to attempt to rule alone.

Thatcher I was made this introduction, was necessarily loud and clanking, but otherwise was pretty much a model. But her time at wheel a ruler should be. But Victoria, although she presided over Britain's greatest days and gave her name to a sea, was excessively fond of her husband Albert and spent a large slice of her 63 glorious years as Queen in semi-seclusion, mourning (many thought excessively) his passing.

Quite when Thatcher will fit into this scheme of things is difficult to predict. But it is already possible to sketch a few chapter headings: School of the World (her name for the less extreme members of her own Conservative party). Gate of the Common Market (self-explanatory), and Foreign Office (she is to be seen in combat in combining foreign policy. Thatcher's influence in the labor union, Anglo-Irish treaty may be an extremely promising start.

David North/Catherine Wood

## Yugoslavia

### The man who made an island

By Michael Dobbs

Yugoslavia, the young state to rise, boasts seven neighbors, six republics, five nationalities, four languages, three religions, two alphabets and one Yugoslav—Marshall Tito. This week jump from Tito, the man who outwitted Adolf Hitler and Joseph Stalin and motivated every one of the charismatic generations of leaders—Churchill, de Gaulle, Mao Tse-tung—with whom he was closely associated, died at 87. And while the stature of the world's Soviet President Leonid Brezhnev, China's Chairman Mao Zedong, 49 prime ministers, only President Jimmy Carter was missing—was Tito to his last resting place among the roses in the lush garden of his Belgrade villa—speculation about the future of the island of security he had created, at the very point in the Balkans where the East-West divide was strongest, focused on its bewildering ethnic mix.



It was the Balkans that a fanatical Serbian nationalist, Gavrilko Princip, assassinated the Austrian Archduke Francis Ferdinand, triggering the First World War, and many Western strategists have concluded more recent accounts predicting the re-emergence of the same bitter combination of nationalist passions and big-power rivalry after the death of Tito. A Soviet invasion of Yugoslavia, to quell an upsurge of nationalism in Eastern Europe, was the central theme of former British Rhine Army commander-in-chief Sir

John Hackett's recent best-seller *A History of the Third World War*. But both the Balkans and the world have changed since Princip fired the fatal shot at Francis Ferdinand in June, 1914. The spectre of big-power rivalry has shifted to the officials of the Middle East and the Persian Gulf, and a more plausible possibility was that the Soviets could seek to stir up existing national divisions. The fear is that the collective leadership which has now taken over (see box) will not be able to coalesce the unacknowledged authority of

some of the Croat émigré organizations and Moscow—and, though they have been denied indignantly by the Kremlin, the Soviets have never irrevocably broken their links with the small band of aging Yugoslav politicians who came out against Tito in 1966 and supported Stalin and the Communists.

The anxiety that Tito leaves behind still calls itself a socialist country. But the political system is markedly different from that of the Soviet-dominated countries of Eastern Europe. The Yugoslavs have introduced a market



### A woman's place is on the throne

Women run to extremes, wrote Jose de la Duquesne. "They are either better or worse than men." And if they are still out on Margaret Thatcher, the verdict of history favors history. But it is a good deal of the way to push the 17th-century Puritan ideal. The truth is that the links have always raised a strong dash of dragons with their cloaks—no less women have usually had to huddle and cower their way to the top.

One of the greatest hunters of all time was Elizabeth of the Netherlands (ca. 1550) who married such was her affairs, to become successively mistress to King Olaf the Saint, wife to King Edmund, King Edward the First and King Edward the Third, and patroness of King Charles. The Archbishop of Canterbury was said to have had to drag Edward from the bed when he lay with Godolphin and her mother (Elizabeth was a step-lady) to attend his coronation. It didn't last, but Godolphin was never pardoned by the church and ended to (you might have guessed)—Northern Ireland.

Among the dragons Boudicca, whose wretched rampage through East Angles cost 70,000 lives around AD 60 (she, third

scythed to her waist when she was introduced to the North Roman emperor), has an obvious claim to fame. But is more daring and certainly more power-hungry lady was the redoubtable Oliver of Aylesbury (1122-1204), the wife of two kings, Louis of France and Henry I of England, and mother of two sons. Richard Coeur de Lion and John. Eleanor was noted for her beauty, temperance, piety, and the arts and religious mystery of wit.

Tito right, lying in state (above) and mourned in Belgrade (top) outlived Stalin



Tito in a new national Yugoslav. If the Balkans do wish to make trouble, there are plenty of weak links. In the past, Belgrade has accused both neighboring Albania and Belgium of harboring "terrorist pretensions." Croat extremists abroad have waged a runaway war with the Yugoslav security authorities—and are likely to step up their activities now. There have been allegations in the past of links between

type economy in which a considerable amount of private enterprise is allowed. With a few exceptions (notably the distant Mikras [Mikras] Yugoslavs are free to travel abroad and without have worked in Western Europe and returned with Western attitudes. Glimses show predominantly Western life. Bookings will shift many Western magazines. This relaxed atmosphere, however, has been combined with a

strong police apparatus and a general lack of open public debate.

In many ways, Yugoslavia reflects the personality of its ruler for the past 30 years. This was a contradictory figure. He retained an emotional attachment to Communist ideals and tight discipline. But he also revelled in luxury and had a string of palaces around the country.

His favorite drink was *Chivas Regal* and lesser joys. "My doctors have recommended the lesser joys," he once told former U.S. ambassador Malcolm Toon. "I take the *Chivas Regal* on my own advice"—and his hospitality was legendary.

Frequently seen about with pretty young women—Washington was abuzz with rumors about a 20-year-old blonde musee during the 80-year-old leader's visit in 1976—Tito was married three times. He met his last wife, Jovanka, when she became a partisan comrade during the Second World War. Known as Yugoslavia's Jane Russell, she was strongly sexy, but she dropped from sight in 1957 and rumors that she had been avowed enough to double in politics.

Tito himself did nothing more than dabble. Born into a milk peasant family in a village on the borders of Slovenia and Croatia, for 500 years the frontier of Europe and Western civilization's front line against the Turks, he was conscripted into the Austro-Hungarian army and wounded and taken prisoner by the Russians in 1915. After the Bol-



Tito (right) with Winston Churchill in Italy in 1944, where the Allies were strategizing.



Tito in WWI (above), founding nonaligned movement with Nehru (center), Gamal Abdel Nasser in 1955 (middle), with John Kennedy and daughter Caroline in 1963 (bottom) for pretty women.



shevsk take-over in 1967 he joined the Soviet Red Guards and served six years in prison for his activities as a Communist after his return home in the 1930s. Later he studied in Moscow and was picked by the Communists to lead the Yugoslav Communist party in 1938. At the time he appeared to be a loyal Kremlin agent. But the war changed all

## 'The old man's last service'

In one sense, Marshal Tito's last-month fight against draft was not a war-movie. The collective leadership first sanctioned his time to acquire some self-confidence. As one senior official remarked: "It was the old man's last service to his people." While Tito's powers as head of state were taken over by an eight-man state presidency, headed by Lazar Kolarovsk, 65, he continues as president of the Yugoslav League of Communists backed by a 20-man party presidency, chaired by Stjepan

Dorozica, 61. Both these groups, made up largely of pragmatic men in their 50s and 60s, have functioned admirably since they are moving to reaffirm the country's commitment to nonalignment abroad and to effect unity at home.

But jobless awards in Belgrade see both Dorozica and Kolarovsk as figures whose chief role is to provide a smooth transition. And in the face of the country's serious economic problems and the threat of ethnic unrest, real power is seen to be centered increasingly elsewhere. Whether a cadre of Yugoslav politicians to watch includes

Vladimir Bakulic, 67, the Croat leader. He has most claim to being considered



Dorozica

Kolarovsk

Ljubic

Dolenc



Dorozica

Kolarovsk

Ljubic

Dolenc

Yugoslavia's present senior statesman. A major advocate of economic reform in the 1960s, he helped Tito suppress the Croat nationalist movement in 1967. He was overall charge of internal security and probably the country's most important politician, but subject to Tito's whims.

General Miroslav Ljubic, 63, Minister of defense since 1967 and in effect Tito's deputy as commander-in-chief of the 267,000 strong armed forces. A Serb, his importance derives largely from Tito's view that the army is responsible for defending Yugoslavia's internal stability as well as its borders. Likely to play a prominent king-making role.

Milan Masic, 65, former foreign minister and now chief foreign affairs strategist. A lawyer from Serbia, Masic is a former chief of the Belgrade secret police who has taken a tough line in dealings with the Soviet Union.

Stano Dolenc, 54. Once widely regarded as Tito's heir apparent. A Slovene, in the early 1970s he was much responsible for reestablishing order and discipline following rebellious and brutal uprisings. He carried out the task efficiently, but he repudiated his past involvement and he may have overreacted himself.

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that When Tito organized a guerrilla uprising against the occupying German and Italian troops, Moscow offered little but ardent advice. Tito later recalled cabling the Kremlin, "You can't help us, there at least don't hinder us."

The legacy of "Titoism" began in the 1950s when the break with Moscow became irrevocable. Tito's close colleague Edward Kardelj dreamed up the idea of "workers' self-management," which vested power not in the state but in workers' committees up in every factory and commune. In foreign affairs, Tito helped launch the Nonaligned Movement along with India's Jawaharlal Nehru and Egypt's Gamal Abdel Nasser. By backing newly emerging countries of Asia and Africa in their struggle against colonialism, he hoped to drum up support for Yugoslavia's own independence. The tactic was largely successful, but Yugoslav officials do not hide their concern at what they regard as recent Soviet-inspired attempts by Gorbachev to tilt the movement toward Moscow.

The Nonaligned Movement has rather more nationalisms than Yugoslavism, but in a way its current divisions are evidence of pressures similar to those that threaten the system Tito created at home. On his deathbed, his successors pledged themselves to continue his policies. Else for they are successful will be one of the major questions of the 1990s. ☐

## Africa

### Pope John Paul, I presume?

I was as far from the formality with which the head of the Roman Catholic Church normally conducts business in the humid heat of Africa, a grinning, sweating Pope John Paul II was waving and stopping with dancing girls last week, almost the manner he stopped from his plane in Kampala, in northeastern Zaire. And in Nairobi, the capital of Kenya, there was more of the same as the official welcoming ceremony was transformed into a dance between the Pope and the nation's youth. "The Pope is your friend," he proclaimed. And in response, 5,000 welcoming youngsters shouted "We love you," and sang "He's got the whole world in his hands."

So it had gone from the rampant the Pope preached down on a 120-ton aircraft where he would take to Zaire, the Congo, Kenya, Ghana (for an ecumenical meeting with the Archbishop of Canterbury, Robert Runcie), Upper Volta and the Ivory Coast in 18 days. There, massive security forces involved in great fun (in Zaire more people were



Pope's motorcade and (below) John Paul in Masai headdress standing with the girls.

trampled to death in a panic stampede) and attend open masses where he was able to see himself in the way in which the church in Africa is rapidly incorporating local customs into its way of life. A mass in Nairobi's Uhuru (freedom) Park, for instance, was conducted by priests chanting riddles, beating drums and speaking in a combination of Swahili, English and Latin.

It was only the second time a pope had visited Africa (Pope Paul VI spent three days in Uganda in 1969) and, before setting out, John Paul called it a continent ripe for harvest. "The figures appear to bear him out: of the continent's 600 million people, about half are believed to be Christian, 53 million of them Roman Catholics. Purely because of the exploding birthrate and partly as a result of conversions, some 114,000 new souls are added to the flock every day."

Millions of Africa's Christians, however, are outside the orthodox churches, belonging instead to sects that have sprung up across the continent and are wholly African in style. It is in these sectors that he has helped prompt the Catholic Church to adapt its own services to local conditions. And in a continent where polygamy is still widely practiced and where one parents live with co-wives, John Paul's strictures on providing celibacy and divorce were not always welcome. Grumbled one Kenyan: "In Africa it is considered a healthy sign for a man to have more than one wife."

The Pope's political views were, for the most part, better received. He was widely applauded in Zaire, where he called on Christians to fight "corruption, lies and injustice," and in the Marxist Congo, where he underlined the individual's right to freedom of worship. But while he encouraged his members of the church to become involved in politics, he ruled out such activity by

priests—as an injunction that was underlined in the U.S. last week when the Vatican ordered a Massachusetts priest and congressman, Father Robert Drinan, not to seek re-election. These were controversial echoes of the message John Paul delivered in Latin America last year: Spiritual liberation, he warned them, was one thing; "Marxist theology" quite another. Brian Joffe

## Greece

### Karamanlis pulls it off

He is stubborn, proud and often overbearing. Political leadership is his vocation and he believes firmly that his destiny is to preside over Greece's transformation from a Mediterranean suburb of Europe into a modern European nation.

As premier and leader of the New Democracy party (ND), Constantine Karamanlis was eminently suited for this role. Brave, elegant and shrewd, he loomed over the Greek political scene after the military junta was ousted from power in 1974 and with his election last week to the presidency, he is still in a position to pull political strings for some time to come.

At first, Karamanlis' decision to run as premier and run for the presidency was greeted with surprise. While many of his supporters felt Karamanlis could control the levers of power more effectively as premier, others feared that without the Grand Old Man the ND might fall into disarray. And for his widely admired son, Kostas, a slightly 70-year-old, Karamanlis' decision to step down was a personal triumph. It was his own counsel throughout the rounds of parliamentary voting to achieve victory. But, mindless pain out, Karamanlis made the move because, as president, he will be, in essence, his own master. ☐

write policies—the reintegration of Greece's armed forces into NATO and the country's entry into the European Community (EC)—so far.

While the latter aim is set on course for January, 1991, the wary Karamanlis is fully aware of the threats to Greece's re-entry into NATO's military fold, not the least of which is posed by the left-wing opposition (the Hellenic Socialist Movement (PASOK) led by Andreas Papandreu). PASOK, which opposes Greek membership in NATO, is already firing its missiles—having doubled its parliamentary strength to 30 per cent in the 1987 elections—and many pundits see it as a potential winner in the elections due next year. In that event, Karamanlis calculates that its president he could take the issue out of the government's hands and put it into the people's in a nationwide referendum.

But once then the problem would still require careful handling. Since Greece pulled its forces out of NATO in the wake of the Turkish invasion of Cyprus in 1974, the tensions have been worsened



Karamanlis, pulling the political strings.

by a spat with the Turks over the ownership of the old-ruled Aegean islands. And plans by NATO's last two commanders—General Alexander Haig and General Bernard Rogers—to settle the quarrel amicably and get Greece back into the alliance have failed. While Greece insists that it should control both air and sea space in the Aegean, the Turks want control over half the air space.

Karamanlis' successor as head of the ND, former foreign minister George Papandreu, 41, last week committed himself to solving the problem, but no one was betting on his success. And that did not bode well for Karamanlis' plans for Greece. As one parliamentarian put it, "Karamanlis has completed the political and economic sides of the Greek project. But unless the military side is built as well, the whole structure may crumble."

Andrew Borewick

## USA

# Speak loudly and carry a small stick



By William Lowell

A Colonel Charles Bedsworth last week surfaced, giving evidence about the failure of his command to rescue the T-28s hijacked, it seemed likely that he had no behind the locked doors of the Senate armed services committee. In the words of former defense secretary James Schlesinger: "Any military operation will be a succession of the overall defense establishment," and the very fact that three out of eight helicopters malfunctioned has concentrated the minds of the president, Pentagon and Congress on the general state of US preparedness.

The answers were not at all reassuring. A flood of reports, leaks of reports and leaks of leaks—some of them emanating from commanding officers anxious to show that the Pentagon, not they, were at fault; others from the Pentagon itself, eager to prove, before the going got too rough, that it was all done in the politeness, and some, from the politicians, passing the buck to the public—conveyed the picture of a military machine run far from the point of breakdown.

One of the major leaks concerned what is rapidly becoming known as the "rusty weapon scandal." Pentagon sources revealed that Vice-Marshal George Kennel, the commander of seven aircraft carriers and 1,800 planes, had told his chiefs back in Washington that

Choppers chattered in the main desert (Opi and Captain Jack Brown on the New Jersey, a ship in mobile defense).

only slightly more than half its F-16s. T-28 fighters and F-16 Eagles were certified as able to fly precision missions. The others were awaiting repairs because, said Kennel, the Pentagon had misestimated its buying new aircraft rather than a providing funds to repair existing equipment.

Kennel's criticisms were supported by the ranking Republican congressmen on the House defense appropriations subcommittee, who produced evidence that while the U.S. Air Force plans to spend twice as much money to buy new tactical aircraft as fiscal 1993 than in fiscal 1975 (\$4.4 billion), not a single extra cent is budgeted to keep the planes flying. Senior Pentagon officials were quick to point out to selected Washington reporters that, over the past five years,

Congress has cut administration requests for operating and maintenance funds by varying amounts—nearly \$2 billion in 1979, but less than \$1 billion for this year—because, as *The New York Times* said, "These funds have no constituency, because they do not have the glamor of new weapons or equipment and do not provide the jobs in the home district."

Other revelations showed that the state of readiness of front-line war planes had a naval parallel. The rate at which U.S. Atlantic fleet warships have been refitted annually has extended an operational hiatus of critical shortages of trained crew has more than tripled in the past four months, although the tempo of fleet operations is greatly increasing to meet new burdens in the Indian Ocean and the Caribbean.

An internal study made available to Congress last week showed that the U.S. Navy was short 20,000 petty officers—the most skilled enlisted people—and would be 15,000 short in 1980 even if the ambitious plans for re-enlistments in those categories are achieved. The authoritative *Naval Postop* magazine pointed out this year that the navy will end 1980 with only 108 active combat ships, compared with 156 at the end of the Vietnam War. Moreover, with the loss of seven Sea Streak helicopters in Iran, the navy lost almost a quarter of its manning capability, making it impossible, at least in the immediate future, for President Jimmy Carter to go ahead with his threat to move the Iranian ships.

Of the three services, however, the army is, perhaps, the worst off. The National Guard has 352,000 men and women and the organized reserves have 154,000—558,000 short of the figure Pentagon planners say is the minimum needed for defense. The active army is 365,000 strong, well 10,000 short of the numbers needed simply to keep its bases going. The reason are low pay and poor conditions. Again, Congress has refused to vote extra funds to improve the situation. Training—equipment alone leaves a great deal to be desired. Much of it is far older than the men using it because modern weapons are too expensive for training purposes.

Apart from a lack of funds for maintenance and soldiers to do the work, the Pentagon was also complaining last week about the general standard and quality of what it receives from U.S. industry. A senior army officer cited a recent statement by John D. Roberts, president of Xerox, who wrote "America's dismal economic record during the last decade reflects more than anything else, an astonishing decline in research and development, innovation and productive capacity. And, such is our national decline." Look at all the cars that

Detroit has to recall! The staff we get is so different, even though we pay more for it, than we used to get."

Back to Schlesinger. The shorting of the Tehran mission, he said, pointed directly to questions of mismanagement, equipment age and reliability, and training. "If the United States intends to rely on the military capability to fulfill its role as a superpower, it will have to cease the standard budgetary games, and devote more to defense." ☐

## A very political journey

Despite loud disclaimers from the White House, President Jimmy Carter's foray to Philadelphia last week, his first trip outside the White House in six months, had all the trappings of political stonewalling. He blasted the Soviets, swore to help the poor and spent plenty of time pumping hands. And in so doing Carter broke his promise to stay at home until the American hostages were returned from Iran. His only explanation: "I never dreamed they'd be held this long."

It was clear, however, that the politi-



Carter with Robert Yarell of the World Affairs Council. Heads off Iran.

cal crisis of continuing the non-pledge strategy were growing too great to bear. While Carter is still afraid of his Democratic challenger, Sen. Edward Kennedy, is the popularity polls, he is dropping behind Republican front-runner Ronald Reagan. So here this tide around, the Carter campaign desperately needed a new strategy. And last week it was unveiled in Philadelphia. Its main theme: get out of the White House and emphasize the achievements of the past three and a half years. Forget about Kennedy. Let's let Joe for himself, and leave the dirty work of ac-

tacking Reagan and independent candidate John Anderson to wife Rosalynn, campaign manager Robert Strauss and Vice-President Walter Mondale.

On the surface, Philadelphia was an odd choice for the president's outing. Mayor William Green is an ardent Kennedy supporter, and the president had already lost the Pennsylvania primary several weeks ago. As well, with high unemployment in minority communities and the closing of a local arsenal, the city's people are not Carter's warmest fans. But Philadelphia is just across the Delaware River from New Jersey, where an important primary is coming up June 3, and much of New Jersey watches Philadelphia television stations. Fully aware of this, the Kennedy camp were angry enough to threaten a lawsuit over the president's trip, partly simply because Carter held it as an "official" visit and travelled on taxpayers' money.

The first stop showed that Carter was a little rusty. He gave what was billed as "a major foreign policy speech" to the World Affairs Council in the newly named Purnell Hotel—also known as the Bellevue Stratford or "Legionnaires' Avenue" hotel. But the crowd of 1,500 remained generous as Carter reiterated his promise to defend the Panama Canal, his commitment to the ratification of SALT II and the continuing attempt to free the hostages. "Using peaceful means if possible," indeed, the spokesman was so ambiguous as to be embarrassing when it did come. Nevertheless, the president managed to put his own back several times during the speech. "Our world is one of conflicting hopes, ideologies and powers," he said. "It is a world which requires consistent, stable and powerful American leadership, and that's what it is getting and it will continue to get."

Demonstrators at Temple University in a north Philadelphia suburb in neighborhood were not so sure. They carried signs saying: **SHAME OFF IRAN, ANOOL GUE NOW, AND JIMMY, DO SOMETHING RIGHT. BUSTEN NOW.** But inside McGonigle Hall the mood of the 1,500-strong crowd which turned out for the evening was more optimistic, and Carter the candidate swung into form. He had no difficulty handling the question thrown at him during the hour-long session: how were tough or just how old the speil.

Before Carter left, he could not resist pressing down off the red carpeted platform for some sunny aimed pressing of the flesh. As the Temple University marching band played a Sousa march and the crowd swayed and around Carter, it was very difficult to remember the fact that three and a half years ago this was not a political trip.

Catherine Fox

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# The five-per-cent decision



By David Thomas

As it was going according to plan until, at the end of René Lévesque's pitch the old folks didn't applaud. They had been lured to the punch ball in the village of St-Pierre de Beaufort by the promise of a card party. Bewildered, they showed in their faces when the premier arrived with his entourage of journalists and the portable cheering section accompanying his Tuesday ramble through Lebellevue County. It was then, when St-Pierre's dour-faced Golden Age Club refused to clap for the premier, that Lévesque's "no" bandwagon seemed to lose a wheel.

By Friday, "no" leader Claude Ryan was confident of over-all victory. May 20, but it was improbable that he would achieve the crucial majority among Quebec francophones without which, even he admits, the referendum will not be decisive. Half of French speakers intend to vote "yes," and only 38 per cent "no," according to the final campaign poll commissioned by Radio-Canada. Such disappointing numbers curtail the potential for post-referendum dissent among the province's estranged cultural communities. It is because of overwhelming "no" support among non-francophones that the polls indicate an overall five-per-cent gap for Ryan's side. That had equal weight by voting day since the dominant profile of "no" and undecided voters remains non-francophones, over 50 and poorly educated. But the "no" coalition also includes French Quebec's old, conservative, elite, and somewhere was the cleavage among francophones more obvious than in Quebec City. Wednesday night when each side celebrated in a show of force in working-class Lower Town, 7,000 francophones, young parents, teachers, professionals, student workers and students celebrated, even without Lévesque's presence, a mass "no" rally could swallow all the political luminaries of the "yes" camp. The non-indigenous federalist meeting under way, Saturday, in Upper Town, and its 4,000 voters who came to hear the bones of unity were notable for their greater age and the grief in their faces and post that Confederation had been good to them.

Strategic Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau and Claude Ryan stood smiling together, for the moment allies but soon to become adversaries if Ryan attains power and fights for radical reform of Canada. Their appeal was surprisingly reminiscent as they set the members as the true defenders of French Canada. Trudeau, who posed up the Belgrade rendezvous of world leaders attending the funeral of Josip Broz Tito, said he chose to be in Quebec City "not because you need my help, but because I felt the need to be among family tonight." He disparaged the referendum question because it left to others the power to accept or reject economic association. That independence, and Trudeau, "is something which, in the end, only Quebecers can decide." In his referendum stance for loose consumption, Trudeau



Ethnocentrically appealing Trudeau's taken more courage to stay in Canada

upheld himself to a champion of French Canada's rights. "It takes more courage to stay in Canada and fight it out for our rights than to withdraw within our walls."

Even Trudeau fell into the shadow cast by the evening's star performer, Ryan, who, since 1969 to 1984 earned him his reputation as "Father of the Quiet Revolution." Lévesque, now 68 and practicing law, boasted "I am proud of my homeland Quebec, but my country is Canada."

After Lévesque's old-time eloquence, Ryan's always dull delivery felt especially flat. The next day he self-righteously defended his campaign style before the Canadian Club of Montreal, noting "My approach is based primarily on the intelligent judgment and goodwill of the ordinary citizen." He

ridiculed Lévesque's media-oriented campaign: "One day he is seen on TV in the company of a couple of cows, the next with some workers in a factory" — and claimed to have been seen by 20,000 people (there are about four million voters in Quebec). Ryan warned his anglophone audience that May 20 will not purge Quebec of conflict. "There is a deep-rooted malaise in this province which will not go away after the referendum, no matter what the result."

According to Ryan, Quebec's internal

conflict reaches deeper than the choice between federalism and secession or the tension between language groups. "Basically, I think we are faced with a conflict between the more traditional cultural values we inherit from the past and the new culture of the Quiet Revolution which the Parti Québécois represents most vividly. It centers around nationalism, technocratic values and a great importance placed in class struggle, the central Marxist theme which has made great strides in our society." Reconciling the two currents in the

referendum would mean "six or seven years from now, our young will have their say and it may strike violently and bring us real separation." That prospect of a well-entrenched secessionist in the audience to whisper "Let's hope the 'no' wins."

Such anti-separatist rhetoric from the "no" side fits with a proposed campaign battle plan leaked a year ago. Publicly disavowed by Lévesque, it was penned by government party member and television actor Denis Lausier, but known for his role as the country's Uncle Gideon of the crossed-legs sagacity series *The Plough Family*. Wrote Lausier "The only efficient way to reassure [voters] is to wage a spectacular anti-separatist campaign." Official or not, the strategy has been carried to its most flagrant extreme by the National Assembly member Gerald Godin (see Profile, page 12) who told a syndicate audience "We despise separation."

Ryan, Trudeau and Lévesque: a steady affair



Ryan (above), Lévesque (left) with Trudeau's "no" bandwagon looks it usual

post-referendum challenge, said Ryan, putting himself as the coordinator but without promising results. "We don't know how this thing is going to turn out."

Secessionist leaders, however, dared predict catastrophe should they fail to triumph. An exodus of separatists was predicted by Energy Minister Yves Bérubé because a "no" would revive hard-core nationalism and social isolation. A similar scenario was sketched by former Union Nationale leader and "yes" convert Rodrigue Biron, who warned 1,000 rural dwellers in St-August that

so much that we want to have common institutions with Canada to make sure our friendship with that country will last." Lausier also advised "It's the acceptance of association that removes the fear of secession. We have to play on that sentiment: whether we like it or not. The only way to achieve independence is never to talk about it."

The flaw is that scheme is that it can't prevent the voters from talking about it, as the campaign entered its last week. It appeared that this step in the NDP's strategy of gradualism would become a serious stumble. Late Friday Lévesque promised he would urge his own partisans to accept a defeat, even should it be caused by a solid "no" from separatists. "We're in a democracy and everyone's entitled to a vote whether he speaks English or French and lives wherever he comes, so we would have to accept the result. But if it should happen that way, if a clear majority on the French side insisted the separatist, it means the situation will be a bit different and will require good, steady democratic nerves." ☐



CLAUDE RYAN

# Plus ça change, plus ça change



a new deal, but Quebec promptly resigned because it wanted control over social policy. At a similar confab in 1986, out of 14 items there was agreement on only three points—keeping the monetary, transferring family law to the provinces and allowing provinces to raise indirect taxes. Now, two federal decisions later, no perceptible progress has been made, in fact, during follow-up private talks, the second on marriage

WILLIAM E. SHARP



More and Livernois in 1971 (top left), Trudeau greeting Saskatchewan Attorney-General B. V. Hould in 1971 flanked by provinces' ministers, Bourassa and Robarts (left), Johnson and Roberts in 1987 (above) conferencing and Les two premiers last



By Robert Lewis

A central topic to both sides of next week's Quebec referendum is that a vote in either direction could lead to the same place—a better deal for Quebec in Canada. For many "oui" voters approaching the fabled question, "yes" means "no" to independence but support for a new deal. Confederation wagers. On the "oui" side, "no" means "yes" to reform and a fresh try at accommodating Quebec's historic aspirations. From Deschamps, the brilliant

stand-up artist, dramatizes the essential ambiguity as a desire for "a strong Quebec in a united Canada."

Can Quebecers enter peeling stanzas convinced that "no" really means "yes"? "Oui," says Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau and every leader in English Canada. But the fly in the omelette is that Canada, so far, has been stupidly miserly in its inability to get on with change. Since 1987 there have been seven tries at pinning a new constitution from Westminster. In Victoria, in 1971, the first ministers struck

and divorce has been a drama. One reason for the impasse is that the old-growth institution has become a perpetual exercise in televised failures. Premiers, staking their egos and power bases, habitually go home gloating about their successes in blocking business schemes, then they run election campaigns against the central government for restoring change. In Ottawa, meanwhile, an entire bureaucracy dedicates itself to preserving the status quo.

The looming haze of choice in Quebec did serve to concentrate wonderfully the rhetoric in English Canada. Launching a five-day debate in the Ontario legislature on the need for constitutional change, Interprovincial Affairs Minister Tom Wiles insisted: "The status quo is as unacceptable to Ontario as is sovereignty-secession." Opening a similar two-day debate in British Columbia, Premier Bill Bennett called for reform, saying: "There are too many frustrations, too many ineptitudes... for anyone to be fully content." In Ottawa, the Commons surprisingly endorsed a motion calling on Westminster to allow for made-in-Canada amendments to the British North America Act. But nowhere did politicians advance any specific proposals for change. Ontario Liberal leader Stuart Bennett warned of a "real risk" that a "no" vote in Quebec "will put many in Ontario to sleep."

At times the pretensions of good intent were reminiscent of the errant child who, caught smoking in the girls' half parking, vowed to reform his ways and mow the lawn in the morning. Despite all the chirping in the media, the loudest sound in the Dominion last week was the roar of words between the two levels of government. In B.C., where Pierre Trudeau had taken his visiting counterpart, Managuchi Ohira, and a gaggle of ministers to promote coal sales to Japan, the PM fell out with the premier. Bennett wanted Ottawa to pay the \$115 million cost of extending a railway to northern coalfields. When Trudeau said no, Bennett snarled that, given a similar request from Central Canada, Ottawa "wouldn't just be paying half—they'd be paying for the whole damn thing." Trudeau reportedly snapped back: "That sounds like another Livernois."

Down east, Energy Minister Marc Lalonde raised the spectre of a constitutional challenge to Nova Scotia's new Petroleum Act, which asserts control, Newfoundland-style, over off-shore oil and gas. As Lalonde prepared for meetings with Alberta on a new oil-pricing agreement, Saskatchewan put out an welcome mat in the form of a bill to allow production cutbacks at the well-head in "the public interest"—said

the fight for greater provincial autonomy, and the tortuous path is strewn with pretense undertakers but underlined. Back in simpler times, when Ontario's John Robarts indignantly fulminated the 1967 Confederation of Tomorrow Conference, there was general agreement with Quebec's Daniel Johnson that the only problem could be solved "if English Canada makes a serious effort." The time had come, said Johnson, to ask "What does Canada want, one text or Canada?"

Some of the answers came in 1986 at

constitutional talks in Ottawa. British Columbia's W.A.C. Bennett brought word from "the friendly society of well-hydrated Canadians" that Canada found "no room up-stair." From Alberta, Ernest Manning warned of "a constitutional Munich" if Quebec demands for more power from east. Jay Donaldson undertook grandiosely to make French an official language of the Newfoundland legislature. Ontario's Robarts vowed to declare French an official language at Queen's Park, in city halls and to make the courts bilingual.

## Star quality.

Five Star's secret of success: the extra smoothness and quality that is unmistakably Seagram's. Reach for the Star. Seagram's Five Star.



"Le Press" said: "... and after? After there will still be Quebec and the sun and the moon, like the 600 over on 'Y' seemingly floating on a forest of stars... do you understand what I'm saying? OUI...? No? Who cares?"

counter to Ottawa's mandate to regulate interprovincial trade.

Ironically, the optimists maintain that the best hope for change will come because of the shift of economic gravity to the West. "People have a right to be skeptical," concedes a federal official. "But the times have never been more propitious. It's the West that's going to bring about change."

Quebecers have good reason to be dubious. For years the province has led



What happened? In Newfoundland, there is still no French translation, and an aide to Premier David Pickford explained: "It just hasn't been a very important thing around here." In Ontario, French trials are now available in some courts and 300,000 children go to French primary and secondary schools. But French still has no official status and the bulk of the French-linguistic case only last week when French translation was laid on for the unity debate. The system was overruled as soon as the talking was over.

To be sure, there has been modest advances in a decade. Across English-speaking Canada, parents in growing numbers are voluntarily enrolling children in available French-immersion classes. The federal effort at service in two languages is bearing fruit from Vancouver to St. John's. Saskatchewan's 1978 Education Act makes it possible to establish French schools wherever there are as few as 15 pupils (in 1982, 5,675 students attended 24 such "designated" centres). On the constitutional front, Alberta, Quebec and Newfoundland have joined Quebec in demands for greater control of resources and economic policy.

Inevitably, the growing unity of the provinces will increase pressure on them. Trudeau is insisting that protection of the constitution and strengthening of linguistic rights are preconditions for concessions of more power to the provinces. Whatever the outcome of the referendum, Quebec's position in the new constitution has left the province, Claude Ryan, after all, led public opinion in 1971 against acceptance of the Vietnam charter. Just last January he lashed to the writers of his Liberal caucus and told them to keep large parades before the referendum in defiance of language in the next Quebec election, Ryan will come to Ottawa with a fresh mandate and liberated from the constraints of observing an artificial, united federalist truth for the referendum.

After a lifetime as a leading exponent of strong central government, Trudeau will be no less aggressive. In fact, some Quebecers seeking for a stronger Quebec are as mistrustful of Trudeau as they once of English Canada. Michel de Le Moignan, vice-president of Ryan's "no" committee and interim leader of the Union Nationale, warns supporters about waking up next Wednesday to discover "a Trudeau who has talked a lot of case but has been here, but still little really has changed the constitution."

Says a seasoned federal expert on constitutional law, "The sooner everyone realizes the referendum is not going to have any degree of finality, the better it will be. Next Wednesday morning, the two sides will still be

driving each other. There will be a kind of *artefacts*" in English Canada, the danger is that indifference will turn to defiance as the Quebec "no" vote continues to overshadow such intensely held concerns as regional inequalities, freight rates and energy developments. In 1967, then-governor Ross Thatcher articulated that same sense of outrage when he declared, "The Realization of what we had a hundred problems, the contribution would be the last." In Quebec next Wednesday, it will still be the first.

## Telling it like it sort of is

In an amazing article in the mass-circulation (280,000) Montreal daily *Le Press*, columnist Guyon Dagnieu recently congratulated federal Minister André Gauthier for avoiding Quebecers to the matter because of separatists at every level of Quebec society. The minister was right, said Dagnieu, they are everywhere—in schools, in hospitals, in consumer co-operatives, in living rooms and especially in the media. Then, referring to a column by respected Toronto Globe and Mail writer Geoffrey Bennett, who described Quebec's outlook as "disgracing," Dagnieu asked: "Why have they even been invited? The Globe and Mail? Asking such—and serious commentators can only laugh at Gauthier's language—advice of similar foundation has left the French-language media in Quebec scarcely sensitive to charges of bias, particularly in these pre-referendum days. And to make matters worse, Claude Ryan and René Lévesque have been repeatedly accused of manipulating coverage, often to warm up the vote. "I think objectivity has become a real obsession," says Denise Beaudry, an intelligent and hard-hitting television interviewer for French *le 5*. "I think it because so many young journalists are for the 'oui'! They are aware of their own feelings so they are trying doubly hard to be fair."

## Referendum special

Not weeks ago of *Medicine Hat* readers devoted coverage and snippets of the results of the Quebec referendum. To do so, the press was to be told from the normal Sunday column under the following Wednesday thus causing a delay in delivery to subscribers and newsmen.

The atmosphere is so charged that *Le Press* recently altered a story by one of its Ottawa reporters about the sudden change of federal television, radio and newspaper advertising which occupied Quebec last week by changing the word "proseguence" to "publicity"—despite the fact that by anyone's dictionary the federal effort clearly is propaganda. But for the most part, *Le Press* has been scrupulously balanced in its news coverage—with every piece of referendum copy read by three editors, and every dubious adjective checked—while its editorial pages remain inflexibly federalist. The week's end, a representative of the Quebec Press Council, in spite of another referendum coverage, had received only 22 complaints—a fact that puts the protest marches at radio stations, claims at newspaper editors and Claude Ryan's call for a press watchdog agency into a more balanced perspective. (In fact, Ryan has understated his attacks on the press since his campaign picked up.)



Seemingly, 'oui' can't wait until this is over!

Marcel Pilon, editorial page editor of the Quebec City daily *Le Soleil*, says the French language press, in particular, must be balanced to avoid alienating half its readers. "Remember, the French-speaking community is divided, and our papers are witness to that split division." In fact, the division has spread in the editorial boards and newsrooms of the papers themselves, leading to an odd phenomenon: newspapers like *Le Soleil* and *Le Devoir* will not formally endorse the "oui" or "non" because of lack of unanimity within their ranks. In separate articles, three of the four editorial writers at Claude Ryan's old paper, *Le Devoir*, will endorse the "oui" this week, including Jean-Jacques Levesque, his *Medicine Hat* in her 30s, is one of the most respected journalists in Quebec. As an editorial reporter, Beaudry says she received occasional comments to a check, but now, as an



editorialist and a Quebecer, she has to take a stand. Beaudry is a person who grants her intellectual independence, she is confused with launching the *Le Devoir* news agency with editorial attacks Parti Québécois Minister René Paré's statements, but she also came a stir earlier in the campaign with a tough critique of her former boss, Claude Ryan. And while she sincerely wishes Quebecers to vote "oui,"

she finds it uncomfortable and feeling to adhere publicly to one position. "I can't wait until this is over and we get back to normal," she says.

Some journalists have even made the leap from observer to participant, none with more passion than Jean Ducharme, news anchorman for a small television station in Joliette, Que.

## Blank ballots in a full history

When Quebecers go to the polls on May 20 they will be confronting the tradition of abstention voting on special issues first introduced to Canadians in 1949. That year the government of Manitoba held a referendum on the prohibition of liquor and, bring the moral climate of the day, Manitobans voted almost 3 to 1 for prohibition. Since then Canadian governments—both federal and provincial—have held 30 referendums on issues ranging from public ownership of power companies to implementation of daylight saving time, to the seceding of some provinces in 1945. Newfoundlanders voted to join the Canadian Confederation.

Specifically, Canadian governments have never been legally bound by votes on special issues, and it is no surprise that René Lévesque had declared that he will not be bound by the vote in any sovereignty association, unless a number of Western democracies, including the United States and Great Britain, or other the federal or provincial governments have legal



Many other days and other referendums.

jurisdiction to hold a binding referendum vote. Technically the rules of the past have been little more than government-sponsored opinion polls—referendums the voters find time to feel government had a moral, if not legal, obligation to respect the voice of the people.

Referendum legislation has been looked upon with some skepticism and caution in Canadian political circles. The trend that is Western democracies the government is reluctant to call itself, since complex questions may be simplified on the ballot. Further

Students for 'oui' sitting in at 'the Goodwin' the rule are getting out!

who recruited a caucus from into one of his newsmen a few weeks ago. Reinstating absolutely dropped, he reported that "local celebrity Jean Ducharme" had announced he would be voting "oui" at a news conference earlier in the day. But most reporters are trying to stay neutral. "We're always scared of being too engaged by the English media," says one French-language reporter in Ottawa. "They insist they are unbiased. But of course they're not—they're federalist!"

But perhaps no one in Quebec is under as intense scrutiny as the Montreal *Globe*—the most powerful English voice in the province. First, the newspaper wrote a blistering attack on the basis of a leaked memo outlining the *Globe's* referendum plans—plans that seemed to overemphasize the negative side of sovereignty—secession, and that included scathingly offensive language. Next, the newspaper was occupied by some students for "oui," followed by a group of federalists protesting that the *Globe's* coverage was too one-sided. Meanwhile, the paper had

parents for the newsroom floor, because, in the words of publisher Robert McDonald: "The nuts are getting out!" Susan Wilsey

there is a much greater danger that a committed minority may rule against the most reasonable—and more liberal—option in the event of a free turnout.

Canada's two federal votes—in 1980 on prohibition and in 1949 on conscription—were particularly critical problems in the referendum debate. The prohibition plebiscite won the two sides separated by more than 20 per cent of the voters cast. In the 1949 election, the *Globe* reported that only 44 per cent of the electorate voted in the polls. When Ontario voters voted to release Wilkes Type Machine King line, the province's two sides separated by more than 20 per cent of the voters cast. Quebec was clearly not one with the rest of Canada when 53 per cent of Canada voted to exempt King 70 per cent of the Quebec voters wanted to keep the government on the hook.

Decision-makers were stumped. What emerges of history constitutes a clear statement of the need for a referendum, and what subsequent rule for the protection of minorities? While this answers have been voted and conferring in the past—perhaps explaining government reluctance to make referendums viable binding—off to Canada voters for René Lévesque's role after the new election.

Matthew Teitelbaum

## Shake hands and come out striking

The scene at the Canadian Labor Congress convention was familiar. There was a delegate at the microphone, thundering out his disgust at President Jeanne McDermott for his failure to support postal workers during their illegal strike two years ago. "You, Seditious steelworker Dave Patterson, shouted at McDermott, "as a longtime trade unionist, should have known better. Who don't you stand up like a man and say, 'Maybe I was wrong,' and publicly apologize. 'Never again!'"

Up on the podium McDermott, the scarp of senior strikers in the labor movement, bristled but, to the amaz-

ing of the crowd, she smiled. "I am not a delegate," she said. "I am a woman who doesn't stand up like a man and say, 'Maybe I was wrong,' and publicly apologize. 'Never again!'"

Without apologizing for any of his previous actions, he then responded positively to many of his audience's concerns, successfully damping, as one of them neatly acknowledged, "a basket of cold water on all the fireworks we had planned." Then after some delicate back-door meetings between McDermott and Canadian Union of Postal Workers President Jean Claude Parrot, supporting delegates united in a declaration of support for the postal workers in their fight with the post office. Neither McDermott nor Parrot—after fun in the past—attended a break of their "yes" vote

about each other. "If there was a common theme running through the myriad of resolutions and policy papers adopted at the convention, it was a strong commitment by the C.L.C. to collective action, mostly notable in a militant press-manifesto urging the "total mobilization" of the trade union movement to fight "reactionary and neo-conservative elements (which) are on the rise everywhere." McDermott also pledged the congress to involve itself more or better of affiliates caught in tough situations such as the 20-month strike by Boise Cascade workers in Northern Ontario and the wage fight to organize Radio Shack in Barrie, Ont.

A large number of building trades delegates roared the roll of the "Yours!" to say away from the convention, although they remained unhappy at the growing amount of construction work performed by industrial unions. Explained Roy Gaultier, truck president of the B.C. Building Trades Council, who was elected to the C.L.C.'s executive council: "Most of us wanted to say: The

building trades in isolation can only lose. Our simple position is that we should stay in the congress and work out our problems from within."

Rebuke as the Quebec referendum was successfully quashed in the first morning of the convention, although that didn't stop a large contingent from the Quebec Federation of Labor from journeying later to the nearby grove of Look's Rd. for a sweat-soaked ceremony as part of the q's "yes" vote campaign.

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The shift is significant, according to John Crispo, professor of industrial relations at the University of Toronto, and a regular observer of C.L.C. conventions. "I didn't find the resolutions any different from those of the past, there is a much greater commitment to collective action by the congress. They are beginning to deliver."

Rod Nicklebury

## A lump of coal in B.C.'s stocking



The stage was set for the deal of the decade to go through in British Columbia last week. A \$5-billion, 10-year deal to export B.C. coal to Japan seemed all but in the bag as Pierre Trudeau and a high-powered array of federal officials descended on Vancouver and Victoria accompanied by Japanese Prime Minister Masayoshi Ohira. The event appeared to offer the opportunity for Trudeau to pull off two brilliant coups in one. By proffering federal assistance to build the multimillion dollar infrastructure (road lanes and coal facilities) needed to transport the coal, he



could both garner much needed support in hostile B.C. voter territory (local royalties to B.C. from the sale of the coal are estimated at \$70 million), while, at the same time, giving Ohira the supply assurance his over-hungry export needs in the face of cutbacks in Japanese aid. But whether or not this crumb was what Trudeau—or his political adviser, B.C. Social Credit Premier Bill Bennett—had in mind was uncertain, as began for a speedy road plan were quickly dashed by initial federal-provincial squabbling.

In fact, all the bright promises over-



Ohira, Trudeau in Commons (left), Ohira sporting Canada's deal of the decade

about before the Trudeau visit could almost have been circulated by his secretaries as a means of distracting from whatever glares he had hoped to gain by simply making an appearance. It is not known how much of the estimated \$600 million which would be needed to upgrade northern B.C. rail and port facilities

## Chrysler gets the big boost

I took a first-look meeting with members from the federal and Ontario governments, but Chrysler's hard-driving chairman Lee Iacocca had seen the concerns he needed from Canada to keep his company alive. In fact, Chrysler had seen us all with the federal treasury early last week. Cabinet approval was only later given by French-held Ontario wanted to extend better loans have this time. After a Friday night meeting in Toronto, with Iacocca and industry minister Lloyd Gies, Ontario's industry minister Larry Grossman said he had what he wanted: a Chrysler promise to put up \$10 million to match an equal sum from the province for research and development.

But the real test comes from Ottawa in the form of federal guarantees for loans to Chrysler worth \$200 million. That money would help finance a projected \$1-billion



investment program between now and 1990, as yet to be negotiated with private lenders, and in case Chrysler sinks into bankruptcy first, the guarantees don't take effect until Jan. 1, 1992.

In return, Chrysler yielded its own concerns during the weeks of bargaining. It committed to protect Canada's share of its

### Iacocca: a fight for better loans

North American payroll minus just 10% of U.S. Chrysler employment during the 1990s. It's restructuring phase "and 10 percent for the following four years. With about 4,600 workers laid off since the current auto industry slump, Chrysler Canada's workforce now stands at about 9,000 and is to rise to a level of 10,000 by 1994.

The \$200 million guarantees are tied to a Chrysler pledge to give Canada the exclusive world rights to build a new full-line minivan, calling for a \$450 million investment in Windsor. Chrysler's management has to show any plans without government approval. These are conditions that might cause any other auto management tempted to come sailing at the public trough.

John Hay

Federation of Labor contingent filed weekly

most of the 2,700 delegates, he kept his cool and quietly called for the next speaker. It was a telling moment at the Wharfedale Convention Centre. More eloquent than a thousand speeches, McDermott's silence in the face of Patterson's provocative performance put a new McDermott in charge of the C.L.C. labor umbrella for 2.3 million workers.

Given during the working convention was the atmosphere and verbal chopiness that characterized so much of his strategy first two years as president. Instead delegates were confronted with a conciliatory, almost stoic McDermott, skillfully master-minding what might have been potentially the most fractious convention in the C.L.C.'s 36-year existence.

Militants with their ears were used to gunning for McDermott because of the postal workers' snafu. Moreover, international representatives, or "roadmen," of the 17 American-based building trades in Canada were calling for a boycott of the convention and threatening to withhold their annual dues from the congress because of jurisdictional squabbles. There were also demands for a full debate on the C.L.C.'s support for







husband Paul isn't jealous of the multitude of males who can oggle Dorothy's charms—all of them. "Many men in the world will have my pictures to look at," she said. "It's got my heart."

**D**ive visionary **Mary McCormack** (above) into a rubber anti-radiation suit, making ready to assault North Americans with his Theracurian appeal for "simplicity, simplicity" through electronic music. McCormack claims that past experiences with "volleys of rotten tomatoes and beer bottles" from overzealous audiences have made protective gear a must, adding that "theaters are the playing 33 football games a week." Dive members are keyboardist McCormack, bassist **Joe Casella**, their younger brothers, **Bob** and **Bob**, and drummer **Alan Myers**.

Stratton (left) and Denis Leary perform through overexposed and the 10-football game mask



"Just as average American genre-pool"—and the group, which has just released its third album, *Freedom of Choice*, reveals and divulges socially difficult topics in songs such as "Misogyny." We were tired of people making fun of nonconformity—it's just another one of these little miseries," McCormack explains. Denis's philosophical depths are often misunderstood—the band was dismissed by Rolling Stone as "a band with one joke that isn't funny." Betwixt McCormack: "We're simply reporting on our culture as we see it—if it's a bad joke, it's not our fault."

**W**hen I was 15, I was five feet, eight-inch Indian, and so thin they called me "Gerrill," recalls **Kurtis**. "Boy friends would either stand up or disappear in the middle of a

date." Four years later, and with a few inches added here and especially there, she was no disappearing act, and British theatrical producers have dubbed the svelte Noble "the sex symbol of the '90s." Discovered working as a hospital nurse, she is starring in London in a closed-up stage version of a film with the long title *Clive: Play With Me*—she plays a stripper who heads to a dilapidated nursing home in the Bahamas where, in typical Carry On fashion, she gets little rest but plenty of recreation. Noble's "10" status helped carry her through a less-than-convincing opening night. Making her dramatic and dancing debut, she flubbed a few shuffle and, in fact, admits she "trucked it up." Undaunted, Noble says she has few regrets about the twerches from shocked-white Nightingales to slightly

blue thespians. "You have to be a very hard person to be a nurse, and basically I'm very soft."

**A**nt and the hamburger have proven a winning combination since artist **Cinzia Oldenburg** made gargantuan patties out of carrots and fennel rubber in the *New York Times* **Steve Casner**, a young entrepreneur, has elevated the fast-food golden to a daintily marinated entrée at Manhattan's **Le**, a new Toronto eatery where burgers priced by the ounce are dished up with Don Perignon and cover table orders on *Rosebud* chinos. Hamburger-broker artist **Robert** made adored the walls with art and, in grandiose imitation of someone, painted a ceiling. With \$200,000 worth of artistic endeavor on the premises, opening-night guests such as **Patrick**

**Wasson**, **Peter** **Guzinski**, **Barbara** **Frum** and **Helen** **Hutchinson** could hardly keep their eyes as they ate. Also on hand to check out the competition was **McDonald's** of Canada President **George** **Seh**—who said he wasn't hungry.

**I** have that all-American look and a lightest operatic soprano voice," says **Kathleen** **McKernan**, 37, explaining her *Giordano* success story. After appearing in 40 stage productions and making on-screen appearances in movies or television on *At the World's End* and *The Edge of Night*, operatic-trained McKernan will make her Broadway debut next month—in *Giordano* opposite **Richard** **Borlon** in *Giordano*. The production, a revival of the original made with **Burton** and **Julia** **Anders** 20 years ago, will repeat history by generating in To-



ronto before heading to New York. McKernan says she has no fears about her performances being compared to **Andrew**. "I look younger than she looked when she did the part," she says. "Burton would be my father. He wanted a young *Giordano* so it would be believable that she'd leave him for Lancelotti."

**B**ritish hearts were black in Sheffield last week as 1,000 spectators and 20 million fat men watched **Can** **Thorburn**, the Canadian professional smoker champion, rim the world title away from home boy **Alan** **Parsons**. It was the first time a non-British has won the competition since it began in 1952. Thorburn has as impeccable 100 perfect games in his credit and is on his way to becoming a living legend

among smoker fiends—and a wealthy legend into the bargain. On top of the \$30,000 prize money, Thorburn's deadly accuracy permits him up to \$1,000 a night in *Beats*—part of the money he will take up permanent residence there this fall. After losing the grueling two-day contest, a stinging Higgins said, "I threw it away." Thorburn's modest reply: "I beat him flat out in front of all his hands. I did it to the best of everybody. I'm the champ."

**A**fter less than a year at the helm of the Newfoundland Liberals, former federal cabinet minister **Ben** **Jamieson** announced last week that he plans to step down as party leader. He said the decision "is based in part on personal considerations" including responsibility to his family—his wife, **Barbara**,



Monty Python (above): a copy and his lady

technique can be learned, but you can't learn the feeling. And it certainly helps to be a *gypsy*." Madrid-born Montoya was beginning a two-week tour which includes the performances with the Vancouver Symphony Orchestra, coinciding with the release of a new album and the 40th anniversary of his marriage to U.S.-born wife, **Emily**. Despite age and the absence of enthusiastic following for his act, the mythical Montoya profers with confidence (andified by his *gypsy* heritage) that "good flamenco will last forever."

**I** like to laugh, to cry, to get hysterical over a photograph," says newspaper collector **Steven** **Nash**, who certainly has reason to get giddy over his collection of 1,500 photos—501 of them now on tour in the U.S.—worth \$750,000. Nash says he enjoys the "emotional bath" provided by the work he owns, photo-artists such as **Oliver** **Arden** and **Walter** **Conrad**. When he's not taking his own "vibrant snapshots" or collecting, the former *Grease*, *Billie*, *Nash* and *Young* member records on his own—he has just released his third solo album, *Search and Seizure*, and is obsessed with lighting nuclear energy with his music. Nash says he was introduced to anti-establishment rationale by **Joanna** **Cooper**. "He talked to me about genetic damage and the possibility of 'nuclear power' snatching human for stolen plutonium," says Nash, adding that the fragment-guru "heard the hell" out of his.

Edited by **Maureen** **Piercy**

## Sports Column

# The goons no longer play but still we wait 'til May

By Trent Flayder

A part from an occasional riot, hockey grips toward new frontiers of grace in which the joys about the guy who went to the lights and a hockey game broke out between snoots.

New faces, new logos, a whole new style of play dominate now. On the tiny screen these nights a couple of expensive teams tear up and down in the Stanley Cup final, survivors of a semifinal that was totally composed by encephalitis for the first time. Until October, 1987, there were no Philadelphia Flyers or Minnesota North Stars, and no Sabres in Buffalo until three years after that. This spring's fourth semi-finalists, the New York Islanders, were the game's largest laugh back in their golden season seven years ago with 12 wins and 60 losses, a record later fractured by the massive Washington Capitals.

What's happened is that the brewers, most of 'em, have learned that arena

hockey's pay is still as it used to be. The skating game has taken over. The Flyers became the "phenomenon" Philadelphia upon occasion but the old Broad Street Boobies are dead, dead, dead. Bodies crash in 100, 100s nowadays but the goons are gone. Now, if a bad one's by, we need not apply.

Hockey's hard and fast but it's scarcely lawless, and it's not going to become so in the immediate future. The trouble is, there are too many teams for the talent pool to handle. The innovations can't accommodate an evenly 20 teams. Reverse that number, make it a 12, and fans would see the sort of class over an 80-game schedule they now get only in May.

Another thing is that the Soviets are gone, terrified and by politicians and union sponsors anything with patriotism. The Soviets had become the yardstick by which North American fans measured the home team. Last New Year's Eve the touring Red Army team and its Canadians remained pro-

ple how the game can be played. They showed an ingenuity that makes hockey, when it's played properly, an unmatched emotional fringe. Football and basketball can't equal it because neither possesses hockey's high-octane speed and grace and controlled fury.

Unhappily, with 400 NHL uniforms having to be filled, the demand for players who can perform at this optimal level far outstrikes the supply. A lot of Americans and a swath of Scot-



landers have helped fill the void but, really, the same sorrow that was required to provide 700 players for the old six-team NHL is still the one being called upon for 12 teams—the ice faces of Canada still records show that 64 Americans finished 1980, big-league suits last season along with 25 Swedes and Finns, meaning that more than 200 Canadians were needed to complete the 20-team roster. A handful of other nationalities is represented—three Czechs, two Germans and even guys from the hockey hotbeds of Taiwan, Paraguay, Venezuela, France and Britain. The catch is that almost all of the ones born in exotic lands moved instantly to Canada and grew up wearing skates, such as Atlanta's Will Plett, born in Paraguay, Montreal's Rod Langway, native of Taiwan, Pittsburgh's Peter Lee, born in England and Winnipeg's Pat Daley, in France.

Still, one of the byproducts of the U.S. gold medal at Lake Placid is a brand-new bag of interest in hockey and the pursuit



of careers in the game by young Americans. Les Nasse, the vigorous 38-year-old general manager of the suddenly spirited Minnesota North Stars, is especially enthusiastic about the potential of American college players, and in the last two June drafts he has picked six scholars from U.S. colleges, including Steve Christoff from the University of Minnesota, a big scorer on the American Olympic team who moved right into the North Star lineup and had a tall role in Minnesota's upset of defending-champion Montreal.

Nasse spent most of his childhood playing hockey in Sudb, St. Rose, Ontario, with the brothers Raposo, the town's most famous hockey citizens, but he's a guy who went the U.S. college route himself and it has influenced his thinking. He wanted to be a dentist. When he got a chance at a scholarship at the University of Minnesota to study the removal of teeth on and off the ice, he jumped at it. He wound up leaving dentistry but staying on at Minnesota to coach the freshman

hockey team, then decided to take out citizenship papers. The next year, 1980, he played on the U.S. Olympic hockey team, then moved on to the North Stars when they got their NHL franchise and spent 14 years waiting for the expansionists.

"I always thought American players were better than the rest of the NHL," he noted recently. "They never got the chance."

It's Nasse's cynicism that the way the U.S. did it at the Olympics last February is almost as important as the fact they did it. No bench-clearing brawls, no sweater-chucking bags of war, just an aggressive, self-cooling, hard-hitting style that Nasse feels is what the fans, especially the fans in rinkside where seats have been loose, are clamoring for.

"Credit the Russians and credit the Canadians," Les Nasse says. "That's the way they play the game and who plays it better." So I say, if you can't beat 'em, join 'em.

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Montclair was awarded the 1979 Gold Medal for excellence by the International Monde Selection Committee, Paris, France.

# INSIDE THE 528i:

The BMW 528i (see 530) was greeted by **ROAD & TRACK** as "the world's best luxury sports sedan" at its price and "possibly any price". In 1979 the automotive authority reaffirmed its evaluation. For 1980, the 528i has been further refined.

A five-speed gearbox quickens response between gears, shakes the car even quieter at highway speeds, and improves fuel efficiency. A little electronic marvel called a Lambda sensor sniffs the air fuel mixture in the exhaust manifold and maintains it at precisely a 14.63:1 ratio, no matter what 50 fuel is supplied. Engine response is even smoother and more powerful. Engine block, flywheel, fuel lines, transmission oil cooler lines and seals have all been upgraded.

A digital quartz clock, read at a glance, replaces a regular dial clock. A second (passenger side) electronically-speaked outside mirror has been added.

Road feel is outstanding. Independent suspension keeps rear wheels steady on the road. Up front the MacPherson struts lean slightly to rear to absorb road bumps and humps better. A brake-pressure regulator prevents rear wheel lock-up in high speed braking.

As with all BMW's, fit and finish are impeccable. From the gleam of smooth unmarked paintwork to the muffled roar of a closing door.

There's lots more. Come and see us at BMW's Toronto area dealers, for the full fascinating story. We also have the low down on the 520i, the world's best small sedan. The 733i, the world's best big sedan, and the 318i, the world's best coupe.

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## Transportation

# Look! Up in the sky! It's a bird! It's a train!

**A**irports out in the boondocks, \$15 two rides to get to them, infrequent and fairly trains, long, dreary bus rides down Highway 406—there are times when travellers between Montreal, Ottawa and Toronto feel they're stuck with Red River carts reincarnated. However, a revolutionary concept in train travel is to be presented to Transport Canada this summer: offers hope of sweeping such nuisances in vehicles, travelling, windows, planes which zoom along at 200 m.p.h., lifted above a track by magnetic force. Known



Maglev model is built that won't derail

(magnetic levitation) trains, they would be faster and probably cheaper than flying. Traveling as "gliders," about 30 feet above the ground, the train would whisk people from Toronto to Montreal in 1½ hours instead of six.

Although the concept wasn't even proven technically feasible until three years ago, Japan is already testing demonstration trains. Canada, which has spent 10 years and \$1 million researching Maglev, will be considering it for the highly populated Montreal-Ottawa-Toronto corridor where conventional rail lines are expected to be so saturated with freight traffic by the next decade there will be no room for passenger trains.

The Maglev concept involves placing magnets as the undercarriage of the train and in alternating strips running along the track. The magnets would repel each other, forcing the train as it glides speed to rise a few inches off the track.

The single rail train, which would hold about 200 people, begins by rolling along the track bed, over the train is moving. The levitation force rises very rapidly and then "takes off" once it reaches about 30 m.p.h., says David Atherton, a Queen's University physics professor who has led the Canadian Maglev project. The train has aircraft-shaped wheels which are drawn up after takeoff. Essentially "what you've got is an airplane flying on 10 inches above

the guideway," says Geoff Lane, the executive director of the Canadian Institute of Guided Ground Transport. Since it's run solely on electrical energy, the train would be silent. It's soundless, environmentally smooth, and safer than conventional trains since it can't derail (it's Canada last year, there were about 230 derailments).

The disadvantages of Maglev on the air are none, says William Hayen, senior research officer of the mechanical engineering division of the National Research Council, because of the large initial investment in track. It would cost an estimated \$4 to \$5 billion to install and at least 10 years to implement. However, says Hayen, building Maglev can be justified as a long-term proposition because of increasing fuel costs for air and plane travel. "It's probably a generation yet, but if things get worse rapidly, then the feasibility could come to the fore very quickly," Laurence Savage

B. REMEDICINE AND BRANDY B.

## The French Twist

B and B & Soda

# Black & White



If you like scotch,  
why not taste it.

## Television Sightseeing with a politico

MELINA MERCOURI SIGHTS  
CNC May 14

**A** these Melina Mercouri might be the frailer glitz. The promise—and the fun—of the 13-part *Cities* series has been in the copious and idiosyncratic of corners like Peter Ustinov and Gervase Gower. But now, in the cradle of the West, Mercouri not only sets the scenery, you expect her to sink her incisors into the Parthenon. The happy business that have made Mercouri famous (*Never on Sunday*) usually draw chuckles, she's Maria Callas without the gift. Howling at her chauffeur is what must be the noise capital of the world, she sounds right at home that way from the din, the thick-as-turkey accent accents somewhere the script ("I love this little church... It smells like me"). Such home comfort-



Mercouri relaxes on her course on the junks

ments are rare for Mercouri. For most of the hour, she uses Athens the way a veteran of *The More You Know* uses Vegas—to play herself.

Mercouri sings *Never on Sunday*, and confronts the police at a political rally. The only anecdoter get about the Plaka is that she made her first movie there. She even does a retake of her famous curse on the junkie which revealed her crimes: "I was born Greek, I shall die Greek. Those bastards, they were born fascists, they will die fascists." It was a strong, spontaneous line when uttered, and Mercouri should know enough not to do so again.

Athens' glory is heritage, the birthplace of democracy, of philosophy, of drama. Some shops of the Acropolis and a floating museum of Byzantine are all we get. For Mercouri the city seems to have been born in 1940, with the Nazi threat, and to have stayed under siege ever since. It might all be a paid political announcement for her next stint in the Greek parliament. **Bill MacVicar**

# United Van Lines and McDonald's... what a great way to start moving day!

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From the front  
Turner Dean  
looks like any  
other young  
father figure  
in the easy chair in  
early April, sitting  
back, while across the room  
his nine-year-old  
daughter, Shannon,  
reads to the coach.  
It's only when he  
turns his head that  
you notice his hair  
has been falling  
out in strips.

This, in many  
ways, is the least  
of his worries, one  
of the lesser side  
effects of the chemotherapy treatment he has been  
undergoing since he  
found out several  
months ago he has  
inoperable cancer. "Meta-  
static" sarcoma, it  
is called. "It's the  
30-year-old widow  
who used to play  
hockey, chased wood  
and didn't think much  
about health. But  
putting up the family  
Christmas tree  
last December he felt pain in his chest.

A few weeks later his doctor delivered  
the devastating news: two consecutive  
tumors in his lung. Prognosis: bleak. But  
there was something else the doctor  
said that went through Dean's mind:  
his fellow workers at the Bendix Automotive  
plant in Windsor, Ontario. Inside Dean's  
lungs, cancer pathologists found particles  
of asbestos, the fibrous mineral that  
had killed thousands of workers in  
recent years and is said in the assembly  
of brake linings at Bendix.

Dean's age makes his case particularly  
tragic, but he is certainly not alone.  
Despite a flurry of legislation  
that has led to improved conditions in  
many plants, workers exposed to dangerous  
substances on the job are still  
developing diseases at an appalling  
rate. Statistics are hard to come by, but  
Gordon Ashby, president of the Canadian  
Centre for Occupational  
Health and Safety, estimates there are  
some 10,000 workers across the country  
suffering from job-related cancer, as-  
bestiation, asthma and a host of other  
diseases. As the debate unfolds over



One with family outdoors in background. His age makes his case particularly tragic.

# OCCUPATIONAL DEATH

By Linda McQuinn

*Wages don't mean  
a thing if you don't  
live to spend them*

industrial health—or industrial death,  
as some call it—there is a most urgent  
military meeting from labor. And it is  
being met by an aggressive counter-  
attack from industry.

Armed with a growing body of medi-  
cal evidence linking disease to the work-  
place, labor leaders are pushing the in-  
sane hard in Windsor, the United Auto  
Workers local at the Bendix plant has  
taken its case to the bargaining table,  
after it did a tally last year and found  
that 19 of its members had developed  
cancer—and 12 had already died of it.  
"We're pretty emotional about this," says

has been able to get the federal  
or provincial government to intervene.  
The steelworkers run into similar red  
tape in Erie, Pa., where, in 1978, the  
case against the town was a flaky white powder,  
producing dust levels hundreds of  
times above the provincial safety  
guideline. It was only after a bitter  
14-week strike in 1978 that the case,  
partly owned by John H. Merville of  
Denver, Colorado, agreed to the men's  
demands. The union now reports a  
dramatic decrease in dust levels.

While week's deadly consequences  
have been acknowledged, and some  
offices, anger over the day-to-day danger  
may be even stronger among the  
rank and file in Labrador City, a local  
union president confesses he constantly  
has trouble keeping workers from  
walking off the job to protest against  
excessively high in-house dust levels. "It  
takes a lot of persuasion to keep them  
from picketing all the time," says Len  
Leyte. Recent X-rays of the miners  
show that about 60 of them already  
have changed cell patterns, a

local Vice-Pres-  
ident, Stan Wells.

"After you're  
worried with some  
of these guys for 30  
years," Ellsworth  
tells off the  
Bendix workers  
were particularly  
amused when  
they read a provincial  
government  
document showing  
the company was  
ordered to clean up  
its operation as  
early as 1966 but  
didn't do so.  
"We cannot ex-  
plain how this hap-  
pened or excuse  
it," said company  
spokesman John  
O'Brien. In the  
Northern Ontario  
community of Er-  
ie, Pa., workers  
threatened to shut  
down the crucible  
mines to protect  
against high radia-  
tion levels. Despite  
staggering  
disease figures among  
the miners—more  
than 100 reported  
lung cancers and  
500 cases of asbes-  
tosis—the United  
Steelworkers local

strong indication of early asbestos disease after several years of frequent without strikes, the union is now starting on a new government-backed plan to clean up the problem gradually. So far results have indeed been gradual. After more than a year of planning, the town is still covered in dust. "You can tell how many times it's rained," says "conscientious" Lyle, "because as it melts you can see a layer of dust in between each layer of snow."

In Windsor, concern over industrial disease has prompted workers from several different factories to join outside the regular union channels and set up their own pressure group. Calling itself the Windsor Occupational Safety and Health Committee, the group is pulling together scientific data on dangerous chemicals, and its meetings—held at

members' homes over soft drinks after work—sound more like a conference of chemists than a gathering of machine operators. One 35-year-old, who works with a chemical tank for cleaning machine parts, passes a lot of unspeakable chemicals across the dining room table and asks a rock-solid mason if he knows anything about them. The mason looks through his voluminous files. Across the table a woman, who works with chemicals at a tool manufacturing plant, talks about the high rate of vomiting, blackouts and dizziness among her fellow workers.

Some of the most bitter worker-industry confrontations take place over compensation claims, with grimly debated about whether a dying worker's estate is or is not the result of his work. The outcome of these debates can have a significant effect on corporate balance sheets since it is industry that pays for compensation awarded by provincial boards. In British Columbia, some employees recently have been trying to wrangle out of paying the high costs by suggesting that public funds cover the compensation board's debt, reported to be well over \$500 million. In Ontario, industry's pressure on the board jumped from \$200 million in 1974 to \$550 million in 1978.

James Findlay, executive vice-president of the business-sponsored Industrial Accident Prevention Association of Ontario (IAPA), calls the costs "absurd." In an effort to reduce them, industry recently has been fighting compensation claims even more vigorously than it did in the past. Paul Palowski, health and safety coordinator for the United Steelworkers points out that industry has begun to appeal disability awards even after they've gone through the regular appeal stage. "We never had any of these appeals before, and now we've had five in the past six months," industry spokesman Findlay doesn't deny the charge. "Some companies have made appeals," he says. "Companies are getting sharper. That decreases costs."

Labour is watching nervously for signs of a further industry counter-offensive.

## A widow's crusade for claim No. D10064293

Up on the 2nd floor of a Toronto office tower Doris Dadds leaves these silver rings representing her last chance at fulfilling a heartbreaking promise. More than 10 months after the death of her husband—a former employee of the Johns-Manville asbestos plant at Michipicoten, Ontario—Dadds is trying to get a pension from the Ontario Workmen's Compensation Board. The board has turned her down in the past and the two-man, one woman panel of board commissioners she now faces has not had appeal. She must convince them before they make their final decision in June that her husband, John Dadds—or more No. D10064293, as he is known to the board—died as a result of a work-related disease. And like thousands who surround the bureaucratic maze of provincial boards each year in pursuit of compensation—the only legal recourse open to them—she has learned the board doesn't hand out money easily. Even though her husband suffered from severe asbestosis, for which he was receiving the roughest of full compensation when he died, the board has already refused to grant Dadds a widow's pension. The \$113-monthly pension she seeks would carry barely the Canada Pension Plan she also now depends on to live. She says her fight with the board is more than a battle over money. For her it was her husband's work—call bad luck—that killed him.

In November 1974 after 22 years at Johns-Manville, Dadds was told by a company doctor that he had asbestosis—a painful, incurable lung disease associated with the inhalation of asbestos fibres



Dadds' look but was sure that night while she was making dinner and broke the news. "John and I looked at one another and cried for a long time." recalls the 55-year-old widow and mother of two grown children. With a weak Dadds started working. His condition deteriorated rapidly and by December, 1975 is a personal physician Dr. Colin Smead described him as "completely disabled." He was so short of breath he could hardly get around working up stairs he had to tell. Yet Dadds was unable to collect any compensation for more than six months after leaving his job as only income consisted of small weekly contributions paid together by union President Charlie Melton from the funds of the Canadian Chemical Workers' Union. In 1975 the board allowed Dadds a 35-per-cent retroactive disability award, and several months later John-Manville followed with a 35.5-per-cent pension but cut off his coverage under the Ontario Health Insurance Plan. Dadds is desperately sweet in private. Doris is a difficult, sweet in public. He missed to 82 per cent the last appeal along with a temporary supplement paid up by the board he was eventually re-

Dadds (left) in an old photograph with co-workers, half of them now dead, his widow, Doris (right); her last appeal

ceiving the equivalent of full disability pay—78 per cent of his salary.

But asbestosis wasn't Dadds' only problem. In 1976 he developed throat cancer—a condition that the board doesn't consider to be asbestos-related. Surgery in the throat affects means of dining with the type of throat cancer he was diagnosed with having, but information specialist Dr. Fawcett Newman decided that Dadds' asbestosis made the necessary operation too risky. After treatment with throat pills failed, he and another specialist agreed for the next best method, radiotherapy, which in Dadds' case had an unusually distressing side effect: damaging his spinal cord and leaving most of his body paralyzed by June 1976. Dadds could hardly sit or lie flat and he was told to spend most of his time lying on his back with his head and his chest. Confined to a special wheelchair/splint and barely able to breathe, Dadds

died the next month at 50.

With her husband dead, the board immediately cut off the disability award, leaving Doris Dadds with nothing. In fact, the person would have been automatic had the board granted full disability status—which Dadds was entitled to. In his doctors argued—in his doctors' interest, by paying only 40 per cent disability and making up the difference with a temporary award, board officials told Doris Dadds with no chance but to start all over again in convincing them that asbestosis was her husband. An autopsy confirmed that his asbestosis had been severe and extensive, but asbestosis-related asbestosis suffered by the board indicated it was his thyroid cancer and the effects of the radiotherapy that actually killed him. But Dadds may not have been for both deaths anyway. His doctor, Sybil, described him as a man doing a slow death from asbestosis when other problems intervened. In fact, without asbestosis Dadds might well be alive today. Thanks again at the appeal hearing that it was only his lung condition that prevented doctors from operating on the cancerous thyroid. "I believe his lung could have been cured with surgery," he said. The board had a vested policy of giving the worker the benefit of the doubt.

Sitting at a black desk across the table from the commissioners, Doris Dadds broke several while Dadds' story and more depressing details at her husband's last years. She also takes a stoically the she heard it all before. In fact, she is thought of like she's been past six years. A determined, energetic woman who speaks for right, her husband's death, she has developed an extensive notebook of her married life—and a detailed chronicle of his death. Outside the hearing room the ready recall of particulars of doctors' reports, correspondence from the company representative and the board is a constant reminder to her. "I don't know how I can get to sleep before he died," she explains that whatever happened I would keep fighting against asbestosis." L. McQ.

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against compensation. Unions were quick to react last fall when it was reported that an occupational health consultant had advised a group of employers meeting in Blaine, Minn., about how to frustrate compensation claims they

James Maclellan, worker (below), Windsor preserving-group members (from left) Bob McArthur, Jim Murphy, John West, Mary McArthur turning to eat help boxes



felt were invalid. "Leave out the social insurance number, then it won't go into the computer," Jack Richman told the Canadian Society of Safety Engineering. Richman, who acts as a consultant to several major corporations, came under heavy fire from unions for his remarks. He now says he was only trying to improve communications between industry and the board, since learning out information on the form makes it more likely board officials will chase the employer. That gives the company an opportunity—in addition to the space allocated on the form—to raise its objections to the claim. "Once compensation is started, it's too late to stop it," Richman told the conference.

The most ardently contested cases usually involve disease. Asbestos, which makes up the bulk of compensation claims, tend to be more clear-cut, either a machine cut off a arm or it didn't.

But the issue of an illness can be more difficult to pinpoint. Unless a worker's disease falls within the criteria set by the board, he can have a difficult time establishing his claim, says Doug Phelan, a Vancouver lawyer who represents workers at compensation hearings. Those seeking compensation often find their lifestyles under attack. "They'll accuse a guy of not exercising enough," says Charlie Nelson of the Canadian Chemical Workers in Toronto. "But if he's got asbestosis, he

**Diseased cannot point daily danger**



can't really exercise, he gets too tired." Provincial boards supposedly are independent arbiters between labor and industry, but labor has long charged that the relationships between the boards and industry is a little too cozy. The Ontario Workers' Compensation Board even operates out of the same Toronto office building as the provincial IALPA, which represents more than 50,000 companies. And relations between industry and the board soured in British Columbia under the star government when the board started imposing new fines on companies violating provincial standards. This caused "some resentment" among companies punished, says Terence Ross, a law professor who served as chairman of the B.C. board at the time. But once the Social Credit regained power—and Ross



**Proline worker men for disease, spending**

departed—the board took steps toward making restrictions on industry by proposing lower regulations and enforcement on certain tasks a shambles. "Now the board is doing the employers' work for them; they have no reason to complain," says Cathy Walker, staff representative for health and safety at the Canadian Association of Industrial, Mechanical and Allied Workers.

But the real evidence of the board's bias, according to labor, is the documents they hand down. Obviously, in rejecting

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claim on behalf of 16 Bendis workers last February. Tommy Dunn's case is still pending—the Ontario board seemed to agree with the company's advice. In a confidential submission to the board, Bendis specifically argued against compensation for five of the claims. One of those it opposed was filed on behalf of Nelson Wilson, a 30-year Bendis veteran who died after developing a lungy cancer that forced doctors to remove his voice box. "He couldn't even talk his last year," recalls

treated the men for these ailments. Doctor is now trying to get the Manitoba board to compensate Canada's first case of chronic lead poisoning.

Industry's counter-attacks aren't confined to compensation, though. Perhaps even more significant, in the long run, is no path for less government control over dangerous substances in the workplace. Industry lobbied Ontario hard for less provincial regulation when the province was drawing up its new health and safety bill, which came into effect

earlier, workers producing Inco's, a drug used to treat arthritis, were reporting high incidences of swelling and severe headaches. "Who knows what kind of an epidemic we're sitting on," says Larry Goucher, plant chairman of the Oil Chemical and Atomic Workers.

In the fall, even regulations, including a powerful and plant closure. The fear of an employer pulling up stakes and moving on weighs heavily on the minds of both workers and civil servants. When the Ontario labor department is trying to decide whether to make a guideline on a hazardous substance tougher, it also assesses the impact of any plant shutdown that may result. Certainly, the Bendis announcement last February that it was closing one of six two Windsor plants and moving operations south of the border has been a blow to the union's health and safety campaign. The move was first mentioned three years ago and Bendis denies that it was sparked by worker militancy. But with unemployment now rising to 20 per cent in the heavily industrialized city, many workers were drawing just one conclusion: insisting on safer conditions may jeopardize their jobs.

Aimed the battle over regulations, documenting evidence is emerging that even the government set safe levels aren't all that safe, at least when it comes to cancer. "What no one in authority likes to say is that there's not a shred of evidence to support the so-called safe levels," says Anthony of the federal health and safety centre. Owners of a polyvinyl chloride (PVC) plant in Fort Saskatchewan, Alberta, seemed to acknowledge this recently when they decided not to hire women capable of bearing children. The company, Diamond Shamrock Alberta Gas Ltd., was meeting provincial standards at the plant, but medical evidence suggests fetuses can be damaged by exposure to PVC even at these levels. The union was equally bitter that men at the plant are equally at risk.

Back at Tommy Dunn's house there's similar cynicism. Dunn, who's been off work since December on sick and accident benefits, is still hoping he'll be granted compensation. Early this year his friends and fellow workers threw a party for him that raised close to \$5,000 to help him with his mortgage payments. A huge poster from the party—with hundreds of signatures from wind-up workers—stuffed up on the living room table, next to a photograph of Dunn and his wife, Lucy, in happier days. And the company? Dunn shrugs. "You don't even get a go-well and from them." ☐



Basis risks strike more urgent rallying

his wife, Ivy, is suing against a widow's pension, the board argued that it was not clear Maud's cancer was caused by his work since he'd spent only six years working near one of the most hazardous parts of the asbestos-generating plant, although the open-concept design allowed that to circulate freely throughout the plant. Board rules stipulate a maximum of 10 years "proven" exposure.

Meanwhile, Ontario boards closed down two Toronto-area schools in March to spare students and teachers several days' exposure to asbestos fibers falling from the ceiling. At Toronto's Jean-Marie plant—where the death toll now stands at 35—the union is appealing the board's decision to reject the claim of former employee John Duda (see box, page 40). And in Winnipeg, a fight may be shaping up over the compensation of workers suffering long-term kidney damage after exposure to high levels of lead on the job. "None of them gets are 25, 30 years old and, while they don't have kidney disease yet, they have such bad stomach cramps, diarrhea and constipation they can't even go out in the evening," says Dr. Percy Dexter, a surgeon who has

last year. In briefs to the government, both employers' associations and private firms argued against giving government inspectors too much power and replacing provincial "indefinite" with legally binding standards. In fact, by and large, industry would like a free hand to regulate itself.

But labor remains highly suspicious, charging that industry has a poor track record when it comes to enforcing its own cleavage standards. In fact, often has deliberately withheld information about dangers in the workplace. Workers say less government regulation would only leave them more vulnerable, especially to the thousands of new, little-known chemicals recently introduced into Canadian factories. At the Wyeth plant in Windsor, for instance, workers involved in the manufacture of birth control pills got a taste of possible future shock this year when they reported bizarre sexual side effects. Two men said they were growing breasts, others experienced a sharp drop in sex drive. As reporters flocked to pick up the details, less sensational stories were filtering out of another section of the Wyeth op-

# FILMER UP

If you think about it, there are certain similarities between a fine thirty-five millimeter camera and a high performance car.

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Law

## Standing guard over a chunk of green cheese



After grappling with Iran, Afghanistan and the Olympics, considering the question of who owns the moon might seem like mere comic relief for novice National Affairs Minister Mark MacGugan. The moon may be a stable place of real estate, but it is hardly consistently located, and so it has not yet been since 1975. Still, the United Nations believes in thinking ahead. And MacGugan will decide, perhaps as early as next month, whether or not to sign a treaty approved by the UN General Assembly in December—a treaty that states that the moon and its resources are the "common heritage of mankind" and as such are to be "equitably shared" for the good of all. The U.S. and France have already signed. The U.S. and Canada, which along with the Soviet Union took an active part in drafting the treaty, were expected to do likewise. However, the treaty has hit an unexpected obstacle—the L-5 Society.

The L-5 Society is a small (4,000 members) but influential nonprofit organization based in Tempe, Arizona, whose aim is the establishment of space

colonies in orbit around the earth (possibly at "L-5," a point halfway between earth and moon). Its members, who include Senator Barry Goldwater and science-fiction giant Robert Heinlein (*Stranger in a Strange Land*), are a strange mix of space buffs, utopian visionaries and libertarian free marketers who are united in the belief that the best hope for such colonies lies not with national governments but with good old American-style private enterprise.

Private enterprise and "common heritage" clauses do not mix, says Leigh Ratner, the high-powered Washington lobbyist leading the L-5 fight against the treaty. A former chief U.S. negotiator on deep-seated issues at the International Law of the Sea Conference, Ratner says that the moon treaty would establish a regime "similar to the law of the sea regime—a centrally planned economic regime requiring an international body to take all the decisions on exploitation of resources." Such a regime would have the power to limit lunar production of resources at

the request of producing nations on earth (just as the proposed law of the sea regime would have power to limit, for example, seabed nickel mining on behalf of land producers such as Canada), and to enforce compulsory transfers of space technology to the developing nations. At this, Ratner says, will "enter private risk capital from coming in."

The alternative proposed by the L-5 Society, Ratner says, is a Wild West-style land grab but "a very simple international regime" to register claims, prevent the movement and taxation here and order "Nobody would own the moon," Ratner says, but corporations would be able to work their claims without having to engage in international politics.

Why, though, would corporations want the moon? University of Toronto geologist David Strangway, former chief of NASA's geophysics division, explains that "if you want to have large-scale installations in orbit around the earth, you have to get the materials from somewhere." And while the moon may not have gold or diamonds, it does have iron, titanium and aluminum—all of which would be necessary to build orbital installations. Ultimately, Strangway says, it would be cheaper to mine them on the moon than to send



MacGugan: a unique but dubious stake

them up from earth because the moon's lower gravity allows a smaller expenditure of expensive rocket fuel on transportation.

It is not impossible that large-scale space installations will become commercially feasible in the coming decades—if not actual space colonies, then at least gigantic self-governing satellites beaming down energy to earth. NASA is already studying such a scheme, and

American industry would no doubt like a piece of the action, which may explain why aerospace giant United Technologies Corp. has been running newspaper ads securing the treaty of "socializing" the moon. It's not the kind of publicity that Jimmy Carter needs in an election year and, in the face of this growing chorus of protest, Ratner thinks it "is conceivable that he would sign between now and Nov. 1." Even if Carter should sign the treaty, the prospects for Senate ratification look dim.

In Canada, meanwhile, the external affairs department is recommending that MacGugan sign on the dotted line. Says Lorne Clark, director of the legal operations division: "Whether or not the Americans become a party to it should not affect our decision." If MacGugan does decide to sign, he needs only cabinet approval, which means the matter won't even have to be brought before the House. Only five nations have to ratify the treaty for it to become international law. Should Canada by chance become the fifth signatory, MacGugan could achieve a unique but dubious status in the eyes of the L-5 Society as the man who ultimately dashed the hopes of anyone becoming, in the words of Heinlein's science-fiction classic, *The Man Who Sold the Moon*.

Andrew Weiner

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# Formula for a chorus line



FRODO

Directed by Alan Parker

**S**o you wanna make a movie? Well, I wish it's a lotta hard work. Here's a first thing you gotta have in a script: before anybody's gonna talk a dink with ya. How about a story with kids in New York going to a performing arts school (ya, put acting, music, dance—everything where the kids break their little legs and hearts to fall their dreams of stardom)? Kind of *A Chorus Line* with younger people. A movie? Let's see—something about, one word like *Examples* or something, that'll tell the audience exactly what it's about—and sell this to—Poo? Details later?

Now, what audience are we aiming at? Who's made a lotta the big hits lately? Who went to see *Saturday Night Fever*, *Amot House*, *Meanballs*, *Little Darlings*? Teenagers, that's who. Well. All right, and let's go for the effish audience as well. Let's concentrate on eight kids through their four years in school. We need types like them.

Okay, we get Barry Miller, the kid who jumped off the bridge in *Saturday Night Fever*; to give him, the Puerto Rican guy changes his name to Ralph,

Spanish knock-henry, gay, happy, happy, happy.

He lives in the Bronx and he's so poor, even the poor people who come to see the movie will be shocked. He wants to become a comic, and he's got this big thing about Freddie Frodo. Frodo, the guy from *Glenn and the Man* who shot himself. All the rest of the kids should be played by unknowns to kinda fit in with the story, see?

There's Larry, a fabulous (fifteen) black dancer who practices reading at night in a dump up in Harlem. Then there's Coco who's got most blood—she's a lot of everything. She wants to be the new Diana Ross. Coco's got a thing for Long for Hilary, an upstart ballerina, burns in Hilary's film, rock, so let's get her pregnant and force her to have a big abortion scene. We can get the guy crowd with Montgomery (after the water, Cliff) who goes to a dorm and has an actress mother. He becomes friends with Doris (we gotta have a Doris), who has trouble navigating herself, and whose mother is a regular monster. We'll add Bruno, an electronic composer (an Italian) and Lou, a middle-income kid who flunks out and considers suicide. Everybody gets a big monologue,

or a big scene where they talk to other people.

Remember Alan Parker, the British director who had a hit hit with *Midnight Express* and *Elid Shog* *Mohave* where kids dressed up as gangsters and sang? Yeah, I know one critic called it the first movie for gay children, but I think Parker should direct *Frans*. He can do all that incredible concentrating from individual story to individual story and have the kids relating to each other in some way. A guy named Christopher Gore can write it. He did the libretto for a musical called *Nightlife* where the big production number was called *Kissed With the Kissed*. He knows all about laughs, hope and heartache in the theatre. And Louis Farno can choreograph the big dance numbers—kids throwing their hands up in the air and wailing their hearts. That's called modern dance. It's kinda like right now.

Tell ya what else we'll have: beautiful, gay, terrific New York locations, a few talent, jobs, and French, a comedy, a series set in a showbiz of the *Rocky Horror Picture Show*. Is know what? We got the works.

And there's one scene I'd especially like to have. Coco being approached by a guy who wants her for a seven-foot, but really for dirty pictures. Why should a street-wise kid like Coco fall for a line like that? So who's gonna notice? I tell ya, *Frans*'s gonna be fabulous.

Lawrence O'Toole

## Out of the closet, without the angst

HAPPY BIRTHDAY, GENNA  
Directed by Richard Benner

**I**n *Happy Birthday, Genna*, turning gay is treated in such ballroom, respectful terms by the director that you would think the punchy guy, Francis Genna, had taken the veil. Benner's screen idea also wrote it, as an adaptation of Albert Isaacson's long-running Broadway hit. Genna, gone for the soft touch in all departments, the characters and the language are so toned down there's little left but a skeleton. But this is a particular skeleton, is a particular closet, and instead of drama, we get consciousness lifted on bluegrass. In the play, Francis, about to turn 21, is living in a Paris. A Harvard scholarship accident impressed at home with his teacher (father) in

Philadelphia, he's sexually anxious for another reason: he's overweight. Gonna, God knows, may be pushed enough—but having to go on a diet as well? In the movie, it's as though Benner figured that a gay character coming to fat would appear too much a lesson, and by being such a guardian angel to the character he's missing the point by a mile.

It's precisely Francis' fear of becoming a lecher that lends Genna its burlesque force, its comic tension. This movie must have everything barreling in its story: fear of his own sexuality, his father's reaction to it, intellectual frustration at being stranded in Philadelphia, and an unannounced visit from his old girlfriend (Sarah Holcomb) and her brother (David Marshall Grant), on whom Francis (Alan Rosenberg) has a crush. In the play Francis tells the girl he thinks he's "gay," in the movie, it's "gay." Genna is sounding a word for Benner to use, and it is a dirty word, but it propels Francis' dread it's how he thinks society will view him.

There's a certain dishonesty in Benner's version of Genna. The harsh edges of the characters have been air-brushed out of the picture—they're all laughable. The Gennas' big, brazen nose-door neighbor, Henry Weinberger, is so disappointed with her life that she



Rosenberg thinks they'll say he's queer

expresses it in coarseness. She has become an adult herself, a whole with linguistic humor. Benner's final mouth, smothered with a little soap for the movie, is her way of expressing rage over the way things have turned out far too—tougher with an obese kid who eats and

throws authentic fits for attention. Madeline Kahn's performance as Benner is misanthropic, she's not a "whole with linguistic humor"—in fact she looks good, like a slender-curve (body) Phyllis. Her foul language has nothing and without that bite, it has no wit. If that weren't enough, there's an embarrassing coarseness when she's up for assault, it's just a nice meaty pun.

Benner is so intent upon showing what lovely people his characters are that he wastes the social, as well as sexual, tensions in the play. When Francis' worst friends arrive in the (disgraceful) backyard, they could have dropped down from the moon. They add to Francis' feeling of being a loser socially and economically and they justify the character of Lucille (Clara Moore), who is sleeping with Francis' father (Robert Vihorel). Faking just upon by the class of the two women, Lucille attempts to remain poised at all times, and those attempts keep humorously backfiring. But what is this character doing as the movie? She's there to be nice and tough.

*Happy Birthday, Genna* is an abortion of the playwright's original idea, but it might not have been so bad if the editing didn't keep cutting away from the performance. The spaghetti dinner

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held in the backyard was delightfully funny on its face. In the movie *Penner*, never finds the right camera perspective to give the dinner a comic rhythm. He has also opened up the play too much, losing its claustrophobia, the reason that lends this comedy going.

Not satisfied with his own *Penner* production, with a consciousness-raising mentality, *Penner* has also emulated the father, who's now much less a rival. Is that to get him on a par with his son? When *Penner* takes off to California with his two friends to figure out his life (the California), leaving from the Crossroads Hotel, no less, *Penner* arrives. *Penner* takes on the name we're all beautiful-in-the-middle. *Penner*'s quality of *Penner*'s last movie, *Penner*'s it's a funny tale to make us all feel good. No pen—no pen—in—al—ed.

L.O.T.

## Fear and loathing, according to morons

WHERE THE BUFFALO HORN

Directed by Bill Linn

**D**uring what has been, unquestionably, the worst year for American movies in not-so-recent memory, here's yet another coming down the pipe looking for the prize of *Penner*. This latest entry, *Where the Buffalo Horn*, which has a wild and wonderful subject in the life of "gay" journalist

MARTY: A head who lives in the hills.

Dr. Hunter B. Thompson, is meant as a movie and directed in both comedy and tragedy. From the vintage point of script, editing, acting or just a plain old feeling for making movies, it asks that you see it as a comedy.

Thompson, author of the high-flying *Pen* and *Loathing in the Mountains* and *Pen* and *Loathing in the Mountains* (the book), whose credit was enormous and whose reporting was buttressed by the figures of national stars, happened the concept of a generation that was between the industries of drugs and Nixon Thompson was an exponent of journalism. *New Journalism* was outrageous—putting Wild Turkey, grabbing hold of whatever mood brought him or his own. It was available, disclaiming all that had been previously sanctioned by society—was an integrating force in the thought and style of the late 60s and early 70s. As played by the staggeringly confident, Bill Murray, he's a man who likes to drink up in safari outfits and Hawaiian shirts.

The movie-makers, to include in the

lowest of terminology, have found their best efforts in the movie. Thompson, Oscar Award (there called Karl Laible and played by Peter Boyle with frizzy hair), and they think they're going on Neil Cassady and Jack Kerouac. For the record, *Where the Buffalo Horn* begins in San Francisco, happens circa 1966 and ends (and ends names, since the time war in the movie is fairly broad) at the finish of Nixon's 1972 presidential campaign. Amazingly, who champions dogheads, and later a racist, happens in you are, an endangered species, like the buffalo. This, in the movie of women, passes for metaphor.

L.O.T.

## Miracle-working with old 45s

TOUCHED BY LOVE

Directed by Gus Tuckman

**T**ouched by Love is a movie that one up had to be taught in the head is the true story of an estranged therapist who makes contact, Anne Sullivan style, with a young girl who gains vision who refuses to speak. And if we had a dollar for every time a variation of this surfaced on TV, we'd all be getting from our TV set. It is a special school in the Canadian Rockies headed by the drudge Michael (the Watson) learned, the movie is actually, quite restrained, with the camera keeping a respectful distance from the visible subject matter. But the restraint is too much, you keep asking for some form of life to spill onto the screen. Does anyone believe that paraplegic children are that patient, and not outraged by the reactions brought about by their condition? The movie gives you exactly what TV does—more scenery, more music to tell you what and when to feel, not pain—until you nearly go berserk.

The girl playfully played by Diane Lane, having been withdrawn for so long, develops a fan's fixation on Elton Presley because she can never move like he did. It takes the miracle worker (John DeBerk) a long time to close into this, her latest mostly consists of playing *The Friendly Giant* with a mock smile down by the shoreline to get the girl out of herself. Movie offers us an act as we already know it is a new, fresh way, and *Touching by Love* has one instance of this kind of innocent kids trying to dance to Elton in their motorized wheelchairs and the camera catching a sweet smile on the side of the girl's cheeked. But as the movie continues, it has a more surprise up its sleeve. Out of pure emotional deprivation you almost wish you knew this there.

L.O.T.



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# Era of the ordinary celebrity

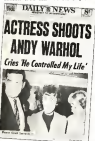
FORUM THE WARHOL BOY  
by Andy Warhol & Pat Hume  
(Oscarade, \$19.95)

"I could never finally figure out if more things happened in the '60s," writes Andy Warhol, "because there was more suicide time for them to happen in (since so many people were so unglamorous)... I was taking only the small amount of Oshin... but even that much was enough to give you that weird, happy-go-go feelin'."

Oh Carnegie Street. Oh Chelsea. Oh West Village. Poor Sakunne dresses with little bows, bouncing up and down underneath plastic disks competing for attention with other little nipples peeping up under their Persiphe-nia boutique (tinfoil) outfits. What a vista the '60s give us with its vision of a horizon packed to infinity with fashionably dressed shagbills and Jackie Kennedys, indistinguishable from one another (and this was the only true



Warhol elegant (left), Warhol at the Factory alive! here, last! here was his coverage



epitomization of the time) in mental schizophrenia or class, separated only by the novel status of their hairdressers. Kenneth for Jackie, loads for the street people.

What superb marketing! supported the sales of the '60s. Warhol's book is a textbook of the perfect selling job. He figured the ordinary as the winning strategy and in doing so achieved the stated aim of his life—to become a celebrity. His "art" was indistinguishable from the commercial art of a thousand and one other poster makers—on peeling posters. His life, the Factory, was a

hangout for a collection of vases, self-indulgent friends, far-out wing and drug using with a chit-chat and exciting look of inhibition. His films, from *Chelsea Girls* to *Low-cost Carriage*, were rolls of eight faces matching shadowy words and celebrating their homosexuality or heterosexuality or inability to maintain an erection. Or ability to sleep. Or elaborate taste waste.

Which is not to say that Warhol may not have become an artist of real and significant talent—in a different society. The '60s, which he exploited so successfully and writes about so evocatively in his book, simply didn't challenge him. There was a nocker here with every new flash. With work, when silver balls, black ink, grey and television coverage and by you in L.A. for the weekend. The entire Pop movement, as Warhol describes it, from Baby Jane Holzer, Edie Sedgwick, Jasper Johns, Roy Lichtenstein and the likes as "badass" forever shooting up in her dream club, consisted of people who wanted to be famous for nothing. That was no tragedy. The tragedy was that they succeeded. Society should have paid them no attention at all. The fact that press and public adored and ap-

praised these hucksters meant ultimately that the Pop people were right in their grandest statement of that society.

In the end, as Warhol lists in his book, none of the Pop adherents died through overdose or suicide. Warhol takes no responsibility. "Well, all I can say to that is, if a person was 'bad' when they were on, then they stayed live, and if they had had problems—sometimes nothing and so one could fix them up." This, of course, is a half-truth. As a member of old conservatism have always said, without values most people go to pieces. "Values" may often be silly and make little sense, but whether the area is drugs or sex or aggression, many people find it hard to maintain a sense of direction without a set of dos and don'ts. Part of the use of Warhol's book—and life—up to the megamans claim he makes that to "values" were attacked to drugs or violence or sexual perversion. Warhol himself might only have wanted to cash in on the times, but it was part of his art that drama and the accompanying. Menstrual: more of some value. A great person was his himself because of something he has paid in the Book of Revelations or on the subway well, but others are influenced by trends and superstitions. To take Warhol's disclaimer for responsibility seriously, one would have to believe—for ex-

ample—that the 800 followers of Ben Jim Jones would have committed suicide without him. Some might have. Not all.

Which is to say that Warhol bears any local responsibility for the drug-decayed lives and burned-out debts of many of those who followed him into the silver land of spiritual rapture and blushed heart. It is a moral responsibility he must shoulder. In the end, of course, Warhol became the victim of one of his own followers, when a feminist and would-be writer shot him with a *Remington* gun. It is hard to disagree with Warhol's harsh judgment that most of the damaged people he has met probably deserved it. Except that pretty much includes Warhol—and he pretty nearly did. *Barbara Amiel*

dead when he was 8 and he seems never to have recovered from the loss. Orphaned two years later, he went to live with a demented uncle in England. He was intensely shy, his timidity reinforced by a series of physical malapropos and a stammer which never left him. At 16, while studying in the boarding school, the philosophical pessimism of Schopenhauer and had his first homosexual experience. It is Warhol's homosexuality that Morgan points on the key to any understanding of his subject. For Warhol reacted to his homosexual nature and tried to control it,

this meant a double life where the effect was to smother his honest feeling. Milder, in *QF House Bookings*—Warhol's most candid autobiography novel—is said to be based on a man. Certainly the book's theme of love as a form of sadomasochistic bondage prefigured Warhol's subsequent relationship with the moody and dissolute Gerald Hovey, his secondary virgin on-lover of 38 years. Warhol's marriage of convenience to the impenitent Sylvia Wellstone provided a certain camouflage. By now, however, find it diverse after 30 years of such pretense.

## Fresh memories of a monster

MURDER A ROBOBURY

by Ted Morgan  
(Morrow, \$12)

W. Somerset Maugham lived a long time (1874-1965), during which he wrote novels (*The Moon and Sixpence*, *The Razor's Edge*), short stories (*Rain*, *The Lady and the Unicorn*), plays (*The Constant Wife*) which made him rich and famous. In 1961, it was reckoned 10 million copies of his works had been sold. His villa at Cap Ferrat employed 13 servants and cost more than \$100,000 a year to maintain. His friends included the powerful, and the beautiful, and the talented. Queen Elizabeth made him a Companion of Honor. Yet, as his latest biographer demonstrates by the persistent assertion of detail upon horrible detail, Somerset Maugham was a cold, pathetic man, the prisoner of a divided self. Pulitzer Prize-winning journalist Ted Morgan sees Maugham as a sentimental victim of Edwardian upbringing, a social code (that denied the progress) must be observed no matter what the emotional cost. Even if, as in Maugham's case, the result was a crippling cynicism. If Ted Morgan's pre-emptive caution about times, if he is unusually glib of Edwardian logicism. ("She represented the refined, chic of her time"), his achievement must be denied. Much of the information is new and, drawing on it, Morgan has fashioned a conspicuously readable account of a private monster. A monster, though, who remains outside someone or even—one can't help adding—the deluding Maugham-ah irony. According to Morgan, Maugham was a displaced person from the beginning of his life. For one thing, though Elizabeth, he was born in Paris and spent most of his childhood there. His mother

## Portrait of a C.G.A.



Henry Slaby, C.G.A., Public Accountant, Henry Slaby & Co., Toronto

More than 25 years in public accounting practice has done nothing to lessen Henry Slaby's enthusiasm for his work. He considers himself a "problem solver" and because the variety of clients he serves is great, the problems he faces are also varied. The firm's business is about 50% auditing, the other 50% being financial services including taxes, cost and financial planning. Since establishing the business 18 years ago, Henry has expanded from a one man operation to a business employing eight others. With the increasing complexity of tax and corporate law, Henry has no concern about his business future, the demand for professional accountants is steadily increasing and Henry Slaby & Co. is thriving.

Henry Slaby is a Certified General Accountant (C.G.A.).



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Maugham sits in life, crippling cynicism

She also did the unforgettable by letting it be known throughout the drawing rooms of Mayfair exactly what had caused the breakup Maugham's hatred for her only increased with the years. Undoubtedly his experience with divorce was confirmed that predisposition to cynicism which informed so much of his work.

His work came to offer Maugham refuge as well as livelihood. Here was a world where he could exercise complete authority. Though he had once studied medicine, he knew even then what he wanted. With the publication of his first novel, *Of Love and Loneliness* (1897), he became a writer full-time. Ten years later his play *Lady Frederick* established him financially. Thus started a life-long preoccupation: "Love may make the world go round," he would write to Clara Bowler Lane, "but money guarantees the side." Maugham made at least \$4 million from his pen, but he never stopped counting the cost of everything—an attitude that affected personal as well as business dealings. Above all, he was dogged. He wasn't an innovator but he could apply his clinical eye to reproduce the vicissitudes of life more freely with an often dazzling fidelity. He earned public acceptance and he got it, he fastened his public's preoccupation more than he ever seriously could have. "I knew just where I stood," he declared with deceptive simplicity, "on the very first row of the second-rail." If his writing served as a means of maintaining his mental equanimity, it appears now to have constituted his essential alienation. Instead of entering a world, he just kept on adding to the psychic sea tissue. An appalling story. **John Lushington**

## Still a few steps from the limelight



Derridge according from Earle Simpson it's also to have written on their doorstep

Derridge and Quebec author and critic Gilles Marcotte breathed deeply during his address at last week's Governor-General's Literary Award ceremony in Vancouver. "It's a very long way," he mused, "from Montreal to Vancouver." Perhaps he was listening to the low murmur of transatlantic translation devices as interpreters converted his elegant French for a largely unfamiliar B.C. audience. Underlining the distance was the contrasting physical style of Canada's French and English fiction winners—Jack Hodgson, the Nanaimo, B.C., teacher, tanned, gangly and dressed in a suit; three-pointed suit, rather beside Quebec's Marie-Claire Bibeau, pale, bird-like and clutching a battered purse. Nonetheless, the delicate pre-ferential atmosphere remained unmarred by political hostilities, despite reported pressure on Bibeau from both "out" and "in" forces. The summer-rain salubrity of the ceremony was unexceptional and anticlimactic, the winners had been announced two weeks before.

The award presentation was to be the centrepiece of the head-down second annual National Book Festival which last year saw the secretary of state launch a controversial \$800,000 on Canadian book promotion with one badly-spoken government funding to publishers with the other. This year's

modest Canada Council contribution of \$300,000 is more in line with the austere and conservative mood of North American publishing. (Witness the recent fizzle over the first annual American Book Awards (TASAs) which saw the likes of Norman Mailer, Philip Roth and William Styron protesting what they considered excessive federal hype by asking that their books be removed from competition. TASAs refused the request and gave the best fiction award to Styron's *Sigvard's Choice* anyway.) The 10-day festival represented book promotions in more than 200 communities, organized by five regional committees. Events ranged from bird autographing by 130 Canadian authors at Toronto's Harbourfront, a spirited and surprisingly professional evening of readings and songs by 22 B.C. authors at Vancouver's Queen Elizabeth Theatre, to recently typed Canadian authors reading their work for CBC's remote northern service.

This year also saw the long-overdue decentralization of the awards ceremony away from the hushed boards and bowing doors of Rideau Hall and into the newly completed surroundings of Vancouver's Granville Island Arts and Theatre, the first in what is to be a

rotating city approach. By happy coincidence two of the winners were sponsored by B.C.'s bustling literary scene: Hodgson won the best English fiction prize for *The Assassination of Joseph Bourne*, and Science Fiction University instructor Maria Toppert received the English non-fiction prize for her *Busby Grove a Biography*. Other \$5,000 winners were Robert McLennan, French poetry for *Poésies complètes*, Michael Ondaatje, English poetry for *The Englishman's Boy* and *Earth's Learning in the Dark*, Dominique Chiff and Sheila McLeod Arsenault, French nonfiction for *Le feu d'Anjou au Québec*, a study of anglophone Quebecers, and Hilda French Kistner for her broadening *Le second déclin* in exile.

But if the pre-announcement of the winners and the move out of the low-watt elegance of Rideau Hall was an attempt to spook up the media coverage of the awards, the scheme was short-circuited by the loss of Governor-General Edward Schreyer as presenter—first to surgery then to the funeral of Yugoslavia's Marshal Tito—and the presence in Vancouver of Pierre Trudeau, 30 federal cabinet ministers and Jacques Fossa, Minister of Aboriginal Affairs. Clearly none in the spirit, and perhaps more effective, were the bookweek events such as the New Brunswick Social Studies Institute's small-town tour of Charlottetown called *Duffy's Hole*. "For most people," says West Coast festival co-ordinator Ruth Kistner, "it's enough just to have writers show up on their doorstep."

Thomas Hopkins

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### MACLEAN'S BEST-SELLER LIST

- FICTION**
- 1 *The Name of the Wind*, Lindsay (2)
  - 2 *Poisoned Omen*, Korman (1)
  - 3 *Shogun's Palace*, Le Caron (4)
  - 4 *The Godfather*, Marlowe (3)
  - 5 *Life of a Man*, Alford (1)
  - 6 *A Night on the Mountain*, Latta (1)
  - 7 *The Death of a Virgin*, Fraser (1)
  - 8 *The Mountain King*, Frick (7)
  - 9 *The Top of the Hill*, Shaw (5)
  - 10 *Red & White*, Huxford (10)
- NON-FICTION**
- 1 *Benetton, My Own Story*, Benetton & Co. (1)
  - 2 *The Redhead*, Redhead (1)
  - 3 *James Hamilton's Notebook*, Hamilton (1)
  - 4 *The Book of Lists #2*, Maclean (1)
  - 5 *Shogun's Palace*, Korman (1)
  - 6 *Preparing Your Own Income Tax Returns*, Latta & Latta (1)
  - 7 *How to Choose*, Friedman (1)
  - 8 *The Fourth Man*, Korman (1)
  - 9 *And No Birds Sing*, Mowat (4)

1. \*Special issue



# Send not to know for whom the bell tolls in Westmount

By Allen Fotheringham

On Sunday afternoon a decade ago I found myself standing in the garden of a house in Beaconsfield, that comfortable and leafy suburb of the island of Montreal. I was in an argument with a chap who had lived in Montreal all his life, a lawyer, a Liberal of course, quite prominent in local party fund-raising, and he was saying with increasing fervor, "I don't speak French. Why should I? It's never hurt me." One suspects the same chap—still in Montreal, still well-connected—may at last have discovered the correlation between his stubborn old WASP denial of his surroundings and the conveniently misread vote on May 30. The Westmount Rhodians are a frightened lot today.

It really doesn't matter who wins the "yes" or "no" next week, since those selected Anglos know that things can never again be the same as in their comfy past. It's slowly sinking in that they in fact had a prominent role in bringing about the present state of affairs. Like demagogues, they are being probed and dissected, analyzed and studied, specimens in a glass case. The Governor-General's gross farcicalism has just been won by two Montreal journalists, Sheila Amopoulos and Dominique Clift, for their shrewd and well-documented book, *The English Foot in Quebec*. I don't know Amopoulos, but Clift, who works easily on English or French, was always one of the most serious and perceptive reporters in Ottawa when he worked out of the press gallery. What they have done is to demonstrate how astonishingly little change there has been in the attitudes of the English all the way from Lord Dufferin's "you no can't marry within the bosom of a single state" to René Lévesque's description of "two serpents in a bottle."

Clift and Amopoulos show how Dufferin's unfavorable views of the French, passed from the English population and merchants, still find "a sort of belated Allen Fotheringham is a columnist for the *PP News Service*.

echo" today in letters to the editors of Canadian papers and an open-line radio show. The conflict rests on the essential difference between the apprehension of society as desired by the French and the organization of the economy as always passed by the English. It was reasonable that the French would eventually have to challenge the English for economic domination in their own province, and from there flows all the language litterature. (See my friend



in Beaconsfield over the gin.)

Unlike the fight about the free and independent agent, the French have always been collectivists. It is the English who are individualists. The authors make the point that, for the English, individualism has rights in Canada. The French did want to recognize special rights for groups (and sagely suspect collectivists' interests in those who do). The French also recognize individual rights, but only when there is equivalent protection for collective rights. They contend that as a group they are not participating in important sectors of Quebec life, such as the economy. So they have to impose French in business and the school system to promote their legitimate collective interests.

These two fine journalists look at the dear old Liberal party and conclude that it is an obstacle of public affairs. "Canada is quite similar to one-party states where the consensus for effective rule is achieved outside parliamentary institutions" such as the Comintern or

cubism. In the past, the Liberals easily brought together the financial elite of English Canada and the political elite of French Canada. Both lived in Montreal. But now that the former ones have moved to Toronto? It's one of the reasons the Liberals are dying.

A valuable point is made about the shift of head offices to Toronto. It's not really that dramatic. Already in 1930, Toronto was forging ahead of Montreal in a financial sense. The myth is that Montreal has declined because of automation and repetitive agitation. In fact, it is the decline that has led to automation and separation. The French, using the stagnation caused by the inevitable westward drift, began to question the links tying Quebec to the rest of Canada and—succeed—became expected—began to question the English dominance over the Quebec economy.

The Westmount Rhodians? They never took an interest in Quebec provincial politics, relying on their one-party state connections in Ottawa. "As a rule, English people in Montreal do not patronize French establishments except for fashions, food and personal services." Even until the Second World War, Jewish students had to have higher entrance marks than other ethnic groups to get into McGill. When Quebec nationalized private power companies in 1962 (something Ontario had done a half-century earlier), the funds did not come from Canada Quebec had to go to U.S. money markets. When the Canadian financial community tried to bully the Quiet Revolution by creating a shattering market for Quebec's bond issues, the French middle class at last saw the light and was radicalized by the Ontario-orchestrated automation.

The moderation of course has bred the insubordination of Bill 100. Some hope? Clift and Amopoulos say that the new third force in Quebec politics, the steadily growing ethnic groups, "are in a far better position than anyone else to make claims on the French majority and to wrest consciousness from which the English will ultimately benefit." How ironic. The stubborn English may be rescued by those they once ruled.

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